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NORMAN MACLEOD.

THE greatest and most genial of Scottish theologians, preachers, humorists, hymn-makers, song-writers, ministers, and philanthropists, in these later times, has now recently, almost immediately upon the completion of his sixtieth year, disappeared. Since the death of Dr. Chalmers, in 1847, there has been no one in any way comparable to Dr. Macleod among the great divines of the Kirk of Scotland. For nearly thirty years together he has been increasingly a power in the land. He was beloved and honored by the vast majority of the four millions of his fellow-countrymen. From the sovereign downward, no less than from the very lowliest of Norman Macleod's parishioners upward, the great pulpit-orator won to himself the regard only accorded to those who have risen to the rank of a nation's favorite.

Looking upon him, listening to him, conversing with him, you could see, you could hear, you could understand, that the man was no mere sectarian. The large heart of the Christian beat in that stalwart bosom. Gaelic though he was ingrained, never was Gael seen at once under loftier or more alluring aspect. Instead of the high cheek-bones, the hard facial outlines, the shrewd penetrant glance usually associated with the popular notion of the true-born Scot, you recognized

in the full lips, in the half-closed, kindly eyes, in the every comely feature of Norman Macleod, the countenance of one whom even a compatriot, not knowing who he was, might

clarion. Welcome was the sound of it in its homeliest greeting, equally in the palace and the cottage. Twenty-eight years ago, when the accents of that voice first fell upon the ears of the young queen, what was the instant impression produced by them upon her heart, her conscience, and her imagination? As charmingly as emphatically her majesty wrote at the very time in her diary, under date October, 1854:

"We went to kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. Macleod, and any thing finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable—so simple and so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night (St. Johr, chapter iii.). Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self and live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show us how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat;

readily have mistaken for a noble specimen of an Englishman. Athletic in form, he had one especial gift, however, that gained him willing audience everywhere. His voice, in speaking and singing, had the ring of a silver

as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widows, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted, and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such happy feelings! The servants



NORMAN MACLEOD.

and the Highlanders, all were quite delighted."

That was the impression produced by his first sermon before the sovereign. It was not only sustained admirably in Queen Victoria's regard until the end, but during the intervening years very signalized advanced and elevated. The court preacher came to be at last the personal friend of the widowed monarch, by whom from the first his exceptional powers had been so heartily and earnestly appreciated.

The Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. was born on Wednesday, June 3, 1812, at Campbeltown, in Argyleshire. His father and his grandfather each in turn like himself was the Rev. Norman Macleod—each was an honored minister of the Kirk of Scotland. At the period of Dr. Macleod's demise, on Sunday, June 16, 1872, he had not yet exceeded by a fortnight the sixtieth anniversary of his birth. The tidings of his death came quite unexpectedly to all beyond his own immediate circle. Passing away as he did in apparently the heyday of his powers, his decease is still looked back to as having been lamentably premature. The vigorous constitution had succumbed to the labors of his earnest life. As a Presbyterian minister he had spent himself for his people, and not only for his parishioners. With a view to the furthering as energetically as possible of the missionary labors of the Kirk of Scotland at the opposite ends of the world, he had gone himself far to the West, across the Atlantic, traversing the vast domain of Canada on a tour of personal inspection. This was in 1850, two-and-twenty years ago. Nineteen years afterward, in 1869, he advanced upon a yet more arduous excursion of a similar character—namely, when three years ago he went out on another tour of inspection far to the East, and there traversed vast tracts of country in Hindostan. Presiding, as he did at that very time, over one of the largest and most populous parishes in the United Kingdom, and editing, as he still continued to do all the while, one of the most widely-circulated periodicals now published, there can be little doubt of it that the unnatural strain thus put upon his powers overtasked even his giant energies. As the result of this he dropped—saw in regard to the good he had done—all unripe into his grave, hurried thither by heart-disease, the first manifestation of which was noticeable only a few days previously in effusion of the pericardium.

The education of Norman Macleod began in the University of Glasgow. It was continued afterward for some months together at one of the German universities. It was happily and brilliantly completed on his deciding to go into the ministry, at the University of Edinburgh. There, at the period of his advent as an alumnus, the chair of Professor of Divinity was filled by the illustrious Dr. Chalmers, whose chief glory it is to have associated so directly with each other the sublime truths of Christianity with the stars of heaven. Among all the pupils of Dr. Chalmers, Norman Macleod has the reputation of having been his especial favorite. Unconsciously to each, the master was educating for the headship of the kirk his own immediate successor.

The first charge committed to the care of

the Rev. Norman Macleod on his becoming a minister was that of the parish of Loudoun, in Ayrshire, four miles from Kilmarnock. To this he was ordained in 1838, being then twenty-six. Five years later on, at the memorable period of the disruption of 1843, the minister of Loudoun was removed thence, in his thirty-first year, to the more important parish of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. It was in 1851, however, that in succession to Dr. Black, then recently deceased, the already famous preacher, Norman Macleod, was advanced to the ministry of St. Columba's, better known as the vast barony parish of Glasgow. To his ministerial labors there for twelve years together, in reality to the time when they were abruptly closed by his death, Macleod gave himself up with all the force of his zealous nature. Year after year, he steadily directed his efforts to the erection of new kirks, and to the opening of supplementary schools, to meet the ever-increasing requirements of his teeming and enormous parish.

Whatever he did otherwise than in connection with his ministerial office, he did simply, as might be said, by the way. His literary effusions, for example, which were numerous, varied, and delightful, were thrown off by him as so many mere *tours de force*. The paramount aim, object, and ambition of his life, every one who came into personal communication with him could never for an instant fail to see, was the exact performance of his high and responsible duties as a Scottish presbyter.

Dr. Macleod was married some thirty years since to a daughter of Mr. Macintosh, of Geddes, in Nairnshire. It was in commemoration of her brother, the late Rev. John Macintosh, that he wrote his popular work entitled "The Earnest Student." Similarly, also, it may here be remarked that it was as a remembrance of his earlier home experiences that he penned his charming record so familiarly known now through Scotland as "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." It was as far back as in 1847, Dr. Macleod being then thirty-five years of age, that the former volume, called "The Earnest Student; or, Memorials of Macintosh," made its appearance. Busily occupied though he was during the years that followed in his ministerial capacity, his perfunctory labors as a man of letters, while time rolled on, increased and multiplied. One by one, as his works came from the press, they passed readily into a wide circulation. They were eagerly devoured by the more intelligent and earnest-minded of his own countrymen. They passed the borders, they crossed the channel, they went even farther afield, and, going almost simultaneously far to the East and far to the West, found fresh multitudes of delighted readers in India and in the United States. Nor can the popularity of Dr. Norman Macleod as an author be any matter for surprise when his writings come to be examined. They are characterized throughout by such an easy grace, and by so much winning geniality of manner, that the wonder would rather have been if they had, in some inconceivable way, failed to win to themselves a host of admirers. Steadily, step by step, he was ad-

vancing in public estimation as a leading divine in the Kirk of Scotland; while, at the same time, pen in hand, almost without an effort, he was gaining fame and influence in the world of authorship.

What tended, perhaps, as much as any thing toward the popularizing of his name, were twelve out of the twenty-two years he gave to monthly journalism. For exactly ten years together, namely, from 1850 to 1860, he edited the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*. It had a purely local and therefore a restricted circulation. The time happily arrived, in the year last mentioned (1860), when Mr. Strahan hit upon the happy notion of establishing a new periodical entitled *Good Words*. He selected as his editor Dr. Norman Macleod. Published month by month with the magazines, the price of it was only sixpence (sterling), though the letter-press was adorned abundantly enough with original illustrations. With such a title, and with such an editor, the religious element of the publication was designed from the first, of course, to be predominant. Wisely, however, the wholesome allurements of poetry and fiction, of art criticisms and scientific treatises, of humorous essays and innocent drollery, combined with graver matter, were embraced within the scheme of the undertaking. While Dr. Macleod was unquestionably a model editor, he also showed himself to be the most industrious, and not only the most industrious, but the most effective, of the whole staff of contributors. Sketches, stories, chapters of travel, sermons, poetry, he threw off with an abounding ease. Multitudes of articles penned by him in his happiest manner have never yet been collected together for separate publication. Nevertheless, his printed books have already numbered up surprisingly. Two of them we have already particularized. More than a dozen others yet require to be enumerated. "Eastward" recounted most graphically his travels in Egypt, in Syria, and in Palestine. "Parish Papers" gave a charming record of some of his own homelier recollections. "Simple Truth spoken to Working People" were truths spoken in good season, and even in themselves as good words as any given to the world in his own publication. "The Gold Thread" was a graceful story for the young. "Wee Davie"—who does not know him? And "The Starling"—who that has ever read it has lost remembrance of the noble old sergeant, and finds not his heart stirred within him at the mere memory of the corporal's war-song—that splendid song that Norman Macleod used to sing himself so sonorously and inspiringly? And that singing once unexpectedly, when he had risen, as every one thought, to make a speech, to a gathering of veteran pensioners, he roused the old soldiers to a burst of martial enthusiasm:

"Dost thou remember, soldier old and hoary,
The days we fought and conquered side by side.
The fields of battle famous now in story,
Where Britons triumphed and where Britons
died?
Dost thou remember all our old campaigning,
O'er many a field in Portugal and Spain?
Of our old comrades few are now remaining—
How many sleep upon the bloody plain!"

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That was one stanza of the glorious ditty. This was another:

"Rememb'rest thou the bloody Albuera!
The deadly breach in Badajoz's walls?
Vittoria, Salamanca, Talavera!
Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls?
Had how we drove the Frenchmen all before us,
As foam is driven before the stormy breeze!
We fought right on, with conquering banners o'er
us,
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees."

"Character Sketches" was one of the latest of his separate publications, and is probably in the recollection of the majority. "Peeps at the Far East," giving a familiar account of his visit to India, forms now a melancholy record of the last labor, under the weight of which his splendid energies succumbed. "War and Judgment" will long be remembered as one of the most spirit-stirring of his many impressive and impassioned sermons. Preached before the queen, it was published by her majesty's command. There was a world of humanity in his earnest inquiry, "How can we best relieve our deserving poor?" And a world of large and generous thought in his "Concluding Address to the Assembly of the Church of Scotland." Such were the works, such was the life, such was the death of Dr. Norman Macleod—a Gael by birth, a cosmopolitan by sympathy, a Christian above all.

MR. BRONSON'S FALL ENGAGEMENTS.

ONE hundred and fifty feet above the river lies a blue lake, three miles in circumference, nearly surrounded by hills. In depth of winter you may find hundreds of men upon the crystal ice, into which the waters have been transformed, hewing it out by the ton for the great store-houses on the shore, which will keep the treasure safe until summer days, when it will be sent forth, to bear the luxury of its transparent coolness into ten thousand homes. But on the July day that we write this little lake lies blue and beautiful under the sky, all its borders embossed with lily-pads, and fragrant and lustrous with white bloom. In every ice-cart the citizen may see that placid sheet of water, which lies away among the silent hills, blue as heaven, and fringed with water-lilies.

Not long ago a carriage, filled with Chesterfields, turned the sharp angle by which travellers on the north road enter the east one, and, according to the statements on the guide-board, found themselves on Lake Avenue.

Just as this change in their course was made, Mr. George Chesterfield, who had been reading from a daily for the edification and entertainment of the little company, folded his newspaper and looked from the window, obedient to the nudge of the young lady seated beside him.

"About ten minutes yet, at the rate these horses travel," he said to her.

Just then a voice from the back-seat advanced, with its accustomed dignity.

"I am sorry to hear that, George. Our

beautiful singer has appeared in public once too often, to my thinking."

"I wish I could write as entertaining a letter as this correspondent's," said George. "Mr. Bronson would congratulate me if I should furnish the *Times* as graphic a description of Rockland Lake."

Miss Laura Chesterfield, a young lady of fourteen, looking quite indignant at the words first quoted, exclaimed:

"George, why don't you give a direct answer? I am sure I think it perfectly splendid that Nilsson should be married in Westminster Abbey.—If that is what you mean, Sister Sarah."

"It is precisely what I mean," said Miss Sarah, from her corner, and she glanced at the gentleman on the front-seat, who sat with his back to the horses, and with his face toward Mr. Arthur and Miss Sarah, Miss Laura and Master George, and within touch of the twin boys, who were perched on the driver's box just now. Mr. Bronson, she noticed, had his eyes directed to the roadside, and looked abstracted and tired, and not quite at his ease. She was not given to whims, inconsistencies, or silliness of any kind, and yet Miss Sarah almost wished and almost expected to see him step from the carriage in a moment and walk up the hill, and to herself confessed that she might better have let the Nilsson topic alone. Miss Sarah had had several misgivings indeed since she set out with her family in search of the picturesque on the banks and in the valley of the Hudson. Leisure did not seem to agree as well as work with Mr. Bronson, and she wished now, as I said, that she had not offered her criticism on the marriage in Westminster Abbey. Miss Laura would not drop the theme, and to what might it not lead? "You said when Dickens died," continued that young lady, "that it was glorious to think of him among all those great writers."

To this Miss Sarah vouchsafed no response. She also was now gazing from the carriage-window, and looked grave, and, at the same time, indifferent.

"I am sure you made me attend his funeral with a vengeance," Miss Laura went on, with increasing animation. "Why, George, I had to hunt up every thing I could find about that old abbey from the time of the Confessor, and write an article about it. I had work enough. And I think I have earned the right to say that a great many persons have been crowned there not half so worthy of a crown as dear, beautiful, glorious Christine Nilsson."

"Now, sister, you must have something to say after that climax," said George, turning toward Miss Sarah.

It was perhaps because of the glimpse George had given her of his handsome face, so ever fresh and good-natured, that Miss Sarah answered:

"It is really not worth discussing," she said. "It is one of those things that you see, or you don't see. Mr. Dickens was carried to the Corner—to sleep beside his peers."

"But, really, I don't understand you, Sarah.—George, do you?"

George was a young gentleman who did

not quite like to acknowledge that there was any thing he did not understand, and he answered evasively:

"Sister Sarah, do please calm Laura's excitement by a cool, dictionary definition of your words."

"Westminster Abbey is a parish church, George. I found that out, and I know what it means," said Miss Laura. "Anybody may be married there who chooses, I suppose millions have been, but it must be done before noon. 'Up in the morning early' on your wedding-day, Mr. Junior, if you marry in England.—Now, Sister Sarah, do *please* declare your objections.—Mr. Bronson, what do you think about it?"

"I think that the occasion presented its incongruities, certainly," said Mr. Bronson, with a promptness that showed he had not been an inattentive listener.

"If you do not see, Laura, that the young lady allowed herself to be made use of as a spectacle in one of the most sacred hours of her life, there is no use of my suggesting it. Besides, intentionally or otherwise, I think the prestige of the throne has been made to suffer."

"O Sister Sarah, and you a republican!"

"A democrat of democrats, and a republican, moreover," she answered.

"And the supporter of caste," said George, in a low tone.

The boys on the driver's box, catching the words democrat and republican, waved their hats, and hurrahed, and had their reward, for their lungs were filled thereby with the untainted country air.

"And, being a republican and a democrat," said Sister Sarah, in that tone which always brought order out of domestic chaos, so steady was it, and withal so kind, "I repeat that I think it a pity Miss Nilsson should have appeared upon that stage, under whatever solicitation. You can see that it was against the good taste of the French gentleman. He probably felt that any other church was to be preferred to the one in which his bride would be kept continually as an actress before the eyes of spectators."

"Christine Nilsson is as much a queen as any woman ever crowned at Westminster!" exclaimed Miss Laura.

"Not in point of law," the elder sister said.

"All the better for that! All the more splendid for her!"

"That may be; but, to call her a queen, and suggest the comparison, as she stood before that altar where veritable sovereigns have knelt, is to use an absurd hyperbolical metaphor, my child. 'But the age seeks bawbles.'"

"O George! O Sarah! O everybody! Look yonder!" exclaimed our young lady. "We have reached our destination."

"The lake!" said everybody; and George added: "Laura, you have given me an awry neck for life. Hereafter I shall just see what I can for myself, but, the moment you cry, 'Oh, look!' I shall shut my eyes."

"Why do you not direct your attention to Sarah? Do you pretend that you agree with her, hypocrite? You waited three hours on the pier to wave your cap at Miss Nilsson

when the ship sailed. And, when you stood up that night at the opera-house, when she sang for the last time, and applauded so, I saw—”

“Laura, Laura,” whispered the youth, “when I disagree with the lady on the back-seat, I always have to eat my words afterward. I have made it a rule now to keep my thoughts to myself for six weeks until I have digested her arguments.”

“What a delightful companion you are going to make! Do you think that I—”

Miss Laura's emphatic remarks were suddenly suspended by the driver's announcement, “Here we are!”

The carriage-door thrown open, the occupants of the middle seat, Miss Laura and Mr. George, seemed to spread their wings and fly forth. How young, and blooming, and equal to any thing, they looked, as they stood gazing around them for a second before they bestowed further attention upon their travelling companions!

Miss Sarah was the last to alight; Mr. Arthur, the elder brother of the family, immediately preceding her. These two were the guardians of the young people gathering around them, and no second glance was necessary in order to discover on whom the burden of parental guidance fell. Mr. Arthur Chesterfield, half blind, half deaf, overtaken in his prime by the infirmities of age, looked as if he might be to his sister no less an object of solicitude and care than the boys Harry and Will, who were yet, if they lived, to pass through those stages which make of all good women prayerful watchers, perpetually haunted by misgivings and fears.

Mr. Bronson, the tutor, not too old to be the sympathizing companion of George, helped the youth in getting down the hammocks and baskets, and the boats were soon ready to convey the party to the grove.

While they are getting off, we may admire Miss Sarah, if we please. There may be varieties of opinion as to the oval face illuminated by dark eyes, which would be imperious if they were not kindly—but the way things drift about till all are adjusted to her satisfaction must command general admiration, as it does that of the old boatman, who stands under the scrubby willows on the margin of the lake, waiting final orders.

Miss Sarah has obviously stood on high ground always, and thence she has directed and controlled. She can look down with caressing and benediction, but what do the eyes that look up see? A woman to be loved, but by no means to be wooed; a woman whose pride of descent is a source of everlasting exasperation to every thing not Chesterfield.

Mr. Bronson had been for three years George Chesterfield's tutor, and had during that time almost lived in the family. Dissatisfied by the course pursued by his teachers in the preparatory school, Miss Sarah had said to Mr. Arthur, through his trumpet, “The only thing for George is, to have a tutor.” Mr. Arthur had responded in a way that showed Miss Sarah that she had but herself to rely on in conducting domestic affairs. She had therefore silently continued her reflections, and in this wise:

“If George ever learns any thing, it will be for the reason that his interest is aroused. He is naturally indolent, and not in the least ambitious for school honors.”

The thing, then, was to find a gentleman not too old, and not too young, to perform successfully this work of arousing the dormant life of the grandson of that eminent broker, George Washington Chesterfield.

Such a gentleman was living, at the time when he began to be sought after, within much less than a mile of Washington Square; and his friend, the Rev. Dr. James, informed Miss Chesterfield that Mr. Julius Bronson, “a gentleman and a scholar,” was just now in a position to control his time, and his services, if they could be secured, etc.

A personal interview resulted in the engagement of Mr. Bronson, and three years spent in studies had answered to the utmost the expectations of Miss Sarah—George was admirably prepared for, and in a few weeks would enter, the university.

The family had now been spending two or three weeks of the summer vacation in search of the picturesque. Points of Revolutionary interest had, moreover, been visited, and with reverent steps they were about to turn toward the home and burial-place of Washington Irving. Miss Laura said that her sister and Mr. Bronson were conducting school in these days under false pretences; but the boys took in what they were taught without much misgiving. Their croquet set, and the backgammon board, the dominoes, the hammocks, mosquito-nets, and baskets of fruit, made them regard themselves with complaisance, and not quake with alarm when peripatetics were mentioned.

Arrived at the grove, and their hunger appeased, the young people were “wild” next for water-lilies.

Mr. Arthur shook his head and smiled faintly, as a lamp shines when the oil is nearly exhausted, when asked by his step-brother, gallant young George, to take a place in his boat. He would stay in the grove, he said, and perhaps get a nap. His time for play, poor man, had come and gone, and he had never known it. He was another victim of that vast net-work of business in which his father had snared himself to destruction. The young Chesterfields should find much joy in wealth, at such a frightful cost had it been secured to them. Mr. Arthur, who in his youth had exhibited so wonderful a passion for account-books, was an old, gray man, not forty yet—little good the hoarded thousands could do him.

It was Saturday afternoon, and so perhaps there was another reason besides that sufficient one of youth to account for the almost greedy zest with which the boys and Miss Laura turned from one enjoyment to another. They were going to spend the next day in the neighborhood of Irvington, and Laura had set her heart on carrying an offering of pond-lilies with her to the church where Irving once worshipped; she intended to fill the font with them, and she had talked George into her spirit until he was eager as she.

Miss Sarah had the newspapers with her, and said that she preferred to remain in the wood with Arthur; so the hammocks were

swung, and the elder brother and sister were left together with the newspapers; and, when they were alone, Miss Sarah gave Mr. Arthur his ear-trumpet, and she read him to sleep. She might then have ascended into the other hammock and watched his slumber, or herself have taken a nap. She chose, instead, to walk about the little grove—to glance at the initials carved in trees, and, if not to conjure up the groups which had made the grove bright and joyful, to indulge in flights no less imaginative concerning those children of hers, strong-willed Laura, courageous and resolute George, and the gay youngsters left in her charge by the death of their mother, who had succeeded her own in the honors of the great Chesterfield family.

She might think, too, of the change impending in her own way of life, now that George was going to the university, and Laura to boarding-school, and Mr. Bronson his own ways.

She might reconsider, also, her recent criticism on the event at Westminster, and regret, perhaps, the course it had taken: the children might need to be warned against the love of display, which was becoming so vulgar in its manifestations; but Mr. Bronson certainly did not. He had himself said that the occasion presented its incongruities.

When Mr. Bronson followed the young people, he would have preferred to remain with Miss Sarah and Mr. Arthur, of course. The gathering of pond-lilies would prove, he suspected, slow and difficult work, however romantic, and however dignified by its object. In half an hour he had transferred the twins to another boat, and was rowing back to the grove, in spite of the grief expressed by the merry company on account of his sudden attack of sea-sickness.

In no mirthful mood did he approach the shore. He had decided that on this day he would find opportunity for a conversation with Miss Sarah, which would set him free forever from a bondage which made him the most miserable of men, because in his own eyes the least worthy of respect.

Two years ago he had surprised himself on the verge of becoming Miss Chesterfield's lover. Reason had brought the poor self speedily to order, and passion and sentiment were sent their separate ways. For two years he had been living in awe of ancient Chesterfields, and closely-guarded laces and penates, until now, when his relations with the family were about to be closed, he had proved to himself that his duty to himself as a man was to show the descendant of seven generations what Fortune had done for him. He aims thus, does he, to make himself secure in Miss Sarah's indifference? What does he really fear? That his love will at some unguarded moment declare itself and find a response, and so his mouth forever be sealed to the past? Why should his mouth not forever be sealed to the past under such circumstances? Why should he declare it? Was not the woman worth the price of silence? But could he really love a woman who would find it impossible to understand the kind of pride which glorified all his recollections? Was it this he was going to prove?

When he stepped on the shore, Mr. Bron-

son saw Miss Sarah not reading in a hammock, but walking about singing, and gathering carefully a fern-leaf now and then, which she laid between the leaves of the newspaper she had reserved for reading.

When she saw Mr. Bronson approaching with a pond-lily in his hand, she looked surprised, but a smile of pleasure seemed to stand in waiting to illuminate her face at some expected signal.

"This way the sound was, if my ear be true,
My best guide now!"—

be said.

"So soon!" she returned, taking the lily which he offered her, looking into it, and graciously returning it again.

"I hope I am not unwelcome," said he; "I came purposely to intrude my own affairs on you this afternoon."

"You are welcome," said Miss Sarah. "I was beginning to see the force of 'the awful quiet of the country,' which I have heard young people dwell upon very forcibly at times."

"I have proved to myself that it is the height of folly to let you know how disturbed I really am, and I suppose it is the conviction of my foolishness that leads me on."

"Do you wish me to remind you of the endless questions and perplexities I have availed upon you?"

Mr. Bronson was silent a moment. Perhaps he half repented his purpose. He began quite hurriedly, as if to escape from his indecision and prevent retreat:

"During the six months preceding the day when I had the good fortune to be chosen as the director of your brother's studies, I had no occupation. I gave up my church and came to New York, that I might be entirely separate from my people. I am approaching, I fear, the same shoal of indecision that nearly wrecked me then."

Miss Sarah looked open-eyed surprise in spite of herself. It was the first time that she had heard a church alluded to in connection with Mr. Bronson.

"I had charge of a country parish during three years," he said. "I began to preach as soon as I had completed my studies, and was the youngest man officiating in the diocese. Four years ago I lost my sister. She died very suddenly—I cannot but think in good time for her own happiness, for I was considering just then whether it could be my duty to remain in the ministry merely because I had been educated by her for the sacred office. If I had been able to arrive, during her lifetime, to the conclusion I came to after her death, it would have been a great grief to her. My sister was as a mother to me. I have often been reminded of her when I have seen you with your brothers and Miss Laura, though we were born to very humble fortunes."

Yes, he had now actually told the story to Miss Chesterfield. It was easy to say what remained. He had staked all—he could do no more. If she loved him, it would not be for bank-stock once possessed, or the heritage of ancestral honors. There had been moments when, to have felt assured of her love, he would have sacrificed every other purpose

or ambition. But not in any moment such as this—his future.

"I was the youngest of the family, and she was the oldest," he continued, quickly. "Her great desire was, that I should be a minister. It was her opinion that from every family one should be set apart for the Lord's service in the ministry."

"That was a grand thought," Miss Sarah said.

"I managed to help her by giving lessons—I taught languages and mathematics before I was seventeen. I should never have been an educated man, though, but for her."

"I think you would; but you had a noble helper," said Miss Sarah.

"No; I would have been a locksmith, as my father was before me. Just about the time of her death, as I told you, I became so perplexed and distressed about my fitness for the ministry, that I resigned my charge immediately after. I have had four years in which to reconsider those steps of entrance and exit. Sometimes I feel that, if I could lay my hand in my sister's, she would lead me back, and that I would not strive against her."

"You have certainly labored in the ministry among us. You have preached the gospel here," said Miss Sarah. "I know I could not dictate to George what his life's work should be."

"At times I am quite sure that I may use my freedom about it. Then again I see her, a gray-haired, feeble woman, laying by her small store for the Lord's service, and stinting herself of the very comforts of life until—I have said many times," he continued, checking the emotion which had threatened to master him, "that, when George was ready for the university, I would seek out some obscure place where people lived whose wants I could comprehend, because I have experienced them, and whose needs I could minister unto; and now the time seems to have come when I can take myself at my word."

"And you doubt still whether a genuine human love is the best foundation for a pure divine love?" asked Miss Sarah. "I am wondering what other call you can ask for."

Mr. Bronson had laid the lily on the grassy bank on which they sat when he began to tell his brief and simple story. While speaking these last words, Miss Sarah took it up and looked at it again.

"This flower is like some lives," she said, "so pure, simple, and direct. I wish I had ever known one such woman as your sister must have been."

"I have never seen one like her," answered Mr. Bronson, and the simplicity with which he expressed his veneration was not lost upon Miss Sarah.

"I should be a happy woman," said she, "if I thought that George would ever say the same of me. Your sister is a saint, Mr. Bronson, and I envy her."

"There are people who believe that water can rise no higher than its level. It may be—but I am certain that she starts out on her new life high up among the immortals."

"All that is for the school-room, Mr. Bronson," said Miss Sarah, and it was as if a statue had blushed.

"But our school is never dismissed," he said, as if that a statue should blush were a thing incredible.

"This, at least, is a holiday," said she.

"And I have done my best to cloud it. But it seemed hardly right that I should always keep silent with regard to my family. People do not who have reason to rejoice in their recollections."

"Shadows are cooling and friendly. Providence seems to have brought you among us." Miss Sarah paused a moment. She knew what she was about to say—it was the best thing that could be said, she thought, to this knight who bore the indisputable evidences of knighthood about with him. "I have a proposal to make. Remain with us, and take charge of the boys' education. Let my house still be your pulpit."

"Miss Sarah, I dare not!"

Miss Sarah bestowed a glance of wonder upon Mr. Bronson; it was brief as lightning's flash.

"The children are coming," she said. "Let us go to meet them."

"Miss Chesterfield!"

"How triumphant they look with their boat-load of lilies!"

Miss Sarah found, however, that she must stop a moment beside Mr. Arthur's hammock, and speak to him. She remained five minutes, at least, to help him rise. When she went to meet the young people, George looked at her, and then, selecting the finest of the lilies, presented it to her with these words: "If you had been born in the waters, you would have shown these lilies what a lily should be. This is nearest to it."

Whereat Miss Laura clapped her hands, and cried, "Hear our junior orate!"

The next day our tourists were in Irvington. They had their choice between attending the church familiar to their beloved Irving's eyes, and the one at Sing-Sing prison, and unanimously pronounced in favor of the former, though Miss Sarah suggested that the sight of those lilies might work wonders in the prison-chapel.

"We gathered every one in memory of Irving," said Miss Laura; and, as the ride to Sing-Sing would have been long, and the heat was great, the dead author, instead of the living convicts, had the floral offering.

When they came to the church, however, they found that the doors were closed, the minister absent, and no preaching was expected that day. Laura's regrets were loud. Couldn't the door at least be opened that they might see the interior, the aisle along which Irving had walked, the pew in which he had prayed. The individual to whom the questions were addressed proved to be the sexton, and, hearing the remarks of the young lady, he forthwith produced a huge key and unlocked the door, and the little party walked in.

"We have brought these lilies here on purpose for Mr. Irving," said Miss Laura, after she had walked half-way up the aisle, though that distance, at least, impressed her by the cool shadows and the silence of the place and by its associations.

"Can't you let me put them in the font, or a bowl, or a goblet? Isn't there any thing?"

"I will fill the font with water for you, miss," said the sexton, who was not so unaccustomed to this kind of address as not to know what to make of it or how to answer.

"You say there will be no service to-day because the rector is absent?" said Mr. Bronson, now addressing the sexton.

"Yes, sir, it's unfortunate," the man answered. "Here's an old lady waiting to be buried, and nary priest nor church-warden to read the service over her. I tried for 'em in Tarrytown, but they were as badly off there. So I've been speaking to a young man, and he said that maybe he could do it."

"But the family—is there a family?" asked Mr. Bronson.

"Oh, yes, sir, sons and daughters and grandchildren—houseful. Our minister will feel bad that the old lady dropped off just now. She was a book of history and family records for all this region like."

"Did she remember Washington?" asked Miss Laura, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, miss, and she was first-cousin to one of the men that captured Major André."

"Oh!" exclaimed Laura, with a groan, "why didn't we see her before? Did she live at Washington's headquarters, did you say?—Well, George, there's no end of old women who have. Why didn't we come here last week?"

"If you had, miss, you would have found her as lively as a cricket."

"Miss Sarah," said Mr. Bronson, who had retired behind the group while Miss Laura carried on her animated inquiries, "I think that I must ask the sexton to conduct me to this family, that I may offer my services."

"It would be a Christian act," Miss Sarah said.

When Mr. Bronson left them to talk with the sexton, and then walked away from the church with him, she answered Laura's question quite briefly:

"Yes, he is a clergyman; he can read the burial-service, and preach a funeral-sermon, if he pleases."

"A clergyman! George, what if you had known that all along? It was a trick, Sister Sarah."

"If it was a trick, it has answered its purpose very well," said Miss Sarah. "Please to remember where you are, my child."

"I have never forgotten for one moment," answered Miss Laura, in an injured tone; and forthwith she gave herself up to recollections of the beautiful words that had been spoken from his lily-wreathed pulpit by the revered and beloved preacher whose grave had attracted them as pilgrims are drawn to a shrine.

By-and-by, the ringing and the tolling of the church-bell brought together the people of the neighborhood. They gathered slowly, for they knew the minister was away, and no service had been expected. The greater number came after the procession of the funeral had passed in. A stranger, it appeared, had been moved to do Christian homage to old age and poverty. He stood in the reading-dress, and read the lessons for the day and the burial-service, and delivered, in conclusion, an address which had in it that "touch

of Nature" which shows "the whole earth kin;" and, by no word he uttered, by no manner of utterance, could any have been led to suppose that he who spoke that morning, in full assurance of hope, of life, death, and immortality, had been tormented with doubts as to the authenticity of his call to the ministry.

When the little party had returned to Chesterfield Place, Mr. Bronson went his ways, and was not seen again for a fortnight. At the end of that time he went to announce to Miss Sarah that he had found a field of labor, and was about to enter it with a blessing from the skies.

Miss Sarah, meanwhile, reflecting much on that conversation in the grove, had decided that Mr. Bronson was to take charge of the boys. Whatever he might decide about preaching, those boys should go with him, if to the ends of the earth. Having concentrated her thoughts and her purposes around a point so simple, it would be an easy thing to make her will clear when he gave her opportunity. But what had become of him?

She was asking herself this question when he presented himself one evening to say to Miss Sarah that he had accepted a call to take charge of a city parish in desperate need of the services of a man who was free to give his life to the work.

"I am going there to test my own honesty of purpose," said he. "I shall have little need of Greek, Latin, or Hebrew—little need of any thing in the books of theological writers or ancient philosophers. The life of my sister, as I saw it lived, will be of more practical value than many studies."

"Then," said Miss Sarah, "you understand yourself at last. Must not the master of the vineyard have known where to find the workman he needed? He makes no mistake when he seeks for efficiency. You are going to look after needy people of all sorts, Mr. Bronson; you must not forget my boys. They are to be placed in your hands."

"Do not say it cannot be," she added, when he delayed his answer.

Mr. Bronson looked up from his grave contemplation of the carpet beneath his feet; his eyes met the friendly glance of hers.

"I told you I dare not," said he. "I dare not. What have I to do with all this?" and, as with a slight hand-wave, he seemed to dismiss the Chesterfield pride and glory.

"Nothing," she answered, quietly; "absolutely nothing. All I ask is, give those boys good reason to be proud of their descent, as you have to be of yours. Why can I not make you see that this is a genuine call?"

"I will take the boys in charge," said Mr. Bronson. "But I must not be held responsible for consequences. If I take those boys in hand," he continued, rising, and looking toward the door, as though flight from the doom he desired were still to be thought of, "it is solely for your sake, Miss Chesterfield—solely because they are yours."

"I do not, therefore, withdraw them," said Miss Chesterfield. "For your sister's sake—" There she made an end.

Mr. Bronson sat down again and covered his face with his hands, and, for how many

minutes, dared not look upon his happiness!

But by this time, you see, of course, that he must have made all his fall engagements. And to think the season of the water-lily's bloom is not yet passed, and over the hot roads young people still go picnicking to the grove on Rockland Lake! What a summer it has proved to many souls!

CAROLINE CHESBRO.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

For a long time Blake lay senseless, but at last struggled back into consciousness. When he did so, the constraint of his position, the weakness of his limbs, and the hard stone which met the first feeble movements of his arms, all tended to retard the approach of sense, while the deep darkness all around added to his bewilderment. By a mere animal instinct, he drew himself up from the place where he had fallen, and turned his eyes around, seeking to find some visible object in that worse than midnight darkness. But nothing whatever was to be seen, and not one ray of light, however faint, appeared in any direction. Confused and perplexed, and not as yet able to collect his thoughts, or comprehend his situation, he stood for a few minutes thus, staring blindly into the gloom; and then his limbs, which had not yet recovered their full strength, gave way under him, and he sank down upon the rocky floor of the passage-way, immediately outside the sepulchre, through which he had made his ill-fated entrance here.

Here his mind struggled to establish a connection with its former self, but for some time was baffled. Blake was aware of his own identity, and could recall much of his past life, particularly that which referred to his adventures at St. Malo and Villeneuve. But every thing since then was dull and indistinct, nor could his memory recall any thing that had occurred since his parting with Inez. There was a terrible sense of disaster, a desolating sense of some irreparable calamity, and somehow it seemed to be connected with Inez, but how he could not tell. Then there dawned slowly upon his mind the knowledge of the place where he was. The rocky floor and wall, the rocky cell which he had just left, served to suggest this; yet, for a time, he was quite unable to account for his presence here. He was in the Catacombs, imprisoned here, without light, without hope of escape. Who had done this thing?

Gradually the remembrances of the past returned. First came the recollection of those last words as they sounded, hollow and terrible, through the piled-up stones, "Blacks—

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETOR & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Wyerne, farewell forever!" Then the thought of O'Rourke, his desertion and betrayal; of the plot that had been made to entice him here; of the long preparation, and final completion of it. Each incident seemed more terrible than its predecessor, and at length every thing was recalled, and the whole horror of his fate stood revealed, rendered now doubly so by that horror of great darkness which closed in all around him.

He was here, shut in among the dead—himself as good as dead. He was buried here—in the Catacombs! The existence that yet remained was but a mockery, a life in death, a prolongation of woe, a lingering out of his capacity for suffering, and better would it be to destroy himself than to wait for the slow and agonizing approaches of that death which was inevitable. With a shudder he recalled the story of Aloysius, and the dread fate of the lost Onofrio—a fate which, by a terrible coincidence, was now to find a counterpart in his own. Between him and the world there lay an impassable barrier; he was buried alive, and the stones at the door of his sepulchre could be moved away by no power of his.

Suddenly there came to his ears a rushing sound, the patter of footsteps. He started up to his feet in horror, and, for a moment, though he had thus far been a stranger to superstitious feelings of any kind, there came to his mind a terrible thought, the thought of Onofrio, of disembodied spirits, and of all those other horrors which beset even the boldest in such a situation. But the patterning sound came nearer, and something brushed against his feet, and his hasty, superstitious fancy was dispelled by the discovery of the truth. That truth was hardly less formidable, however, than the fancy had been, for he now knew that this was an army of rats, and he knew, too, that in such a place these animals are bold and ravenous. He feared, too, that they had scented him from afar, and had come to him to begin their abominable work.

A moment before he had not thought it possible that any thing could increase the horror of his situation, but now he recognized something which added to the bitterness of death. But it did more. It stirred him up to activity—to self-defence. This mortal enemy was something against which he had to fight at once, and well was it for him that he was roused, even in such a way as this, out of his despair, and forced to some sort of action.

Now, no sooner had he started to his feet with the instinct of self-defence, and prepared to do battle against this ravenous enemy, than all his soul started up into strenuous vigilant activity, all the powers of his mind regained tone and force, and in an instant he took the measure of himself and his assailants, and the scene of conflict.

Now, for the first time in the midst of this impenetrable darkness, he thought of his lantern. Hastily reaching out his arm, he felt in the cell behind him, and to his great joy found it lying there. He had matches in his pocket, which, being a smoker, he usually carried with him; and on this occasion he could not help feeling a fervent

emotion of joy that he had ever acquired that habit. In a few moments the lantern was lighted, and the rats, squeaking and shrinking back like wild animals from the unaccustomed gleam of light in such a place, hurried away in fear; and Blake heard their patterning footsteps dying away in the distance, in the direction of that way which O'Rourke had led him, and over which he had returned.

The rats were thus driven off for the present, but Blake knew very well that they would return, especially if his lamp should go out. That precious light would have to be guarded with care, for upon this alone now rested any hope, however feeble, which he dared to cherish. There was no time to stand and deliberate. He would have to make use of his lamp while it yet was burning, and so he hurriedly set out along the path in the opposite direction to where O'Rourke had taken him, with a vague idea in his mind that he would reach the vaults of the Monastery of San Antonio, and perhaps be able to effect an opening through the walled-up archway.

It was not long before he came to a cross-passage. This surprised him, for he did not expect to find any. He kept straight on, however, and walked thus until he had gone a much greater distance than that which lay between the house by which he had entered and the street on which the Monastery of San Antonio stood. Here, at length, he came to a chamber, something like the one which he had visited with O'Rourke, out of which two passages led. At this point he paused.

It now became slowly apparent that there was no archway walled up, no vaults of San Antonio contiguous to the Catacombs, and consequently no further hope for him in this direction. He began to believe now that there was probably no Monastery of San Antonio, but that this, like the monk Aloysius, and the monk Onofrio, had all been the creatures of O'Rourke's imagination. Again, he had to make the discovery that the whole story of the monk's manuscripts, down to the minutest particular, had been narrated only for the purpose of enticing him here, and that it only agreed with facts so far as it was necessary that it should.

Once more, full of the conviction that what was to be done should be done quickly, Blake turned and hastily retraced his steps, thinking as he went on about what his best course now was. His first thought was to get the clew and the ladder, without which he was but ill prepared for penetrating in any direction. With these he felt able to make some vigorous explorations as long as his lamp held out. Now, as he turned, he heard in the distance before him the patterning footfalls of his ravenous pursuers, and knew that they were watching him all the time. As he advanced now, they turned and fled, their footfalls dying out far away. It seemed to Blake that their haunts lay in that direction. It seemed, too, that they must have some communication with the upper world, for in these Catacombs there was nothing upon which they could live. A faint hope arose, therefore, that if he should continue his searches in that direction he might possibly reach some opening.

As he walked on, he at length came to the

place where the ladder was. This he took possession of. Not long after he came to the clew, which lay on the ground, and this he proceeded to wind up for future use; for he felt sufficiently familiar with the way thus far to go without the clew in case of necessity. But there came to him, even while he was winding it up, a mournful thought of the utter uselessness of the clew to one in his circumstances, who would not wish to retrace his steps, but rather to go on till he should find signs of some way of escape.

And now his active mind busied itself, as he went on, in the endeavor to discover what direction might give the best promise of escape. In spite of his conviction that the whole of O'Rourke's story was a fiction, he still thought that some portions of it might give him information; and, as his description of portions of the paths had been true, so also might his assertions about the general direction of this path on which he was going. O'Rourke's assertion had been that it ran toward the Palatine Hill, and the whole point of his narrative had consisted in the theory that it actually passed under the Palatine, and was possibly connected with some of the ancient vaults. If this were so, it seemed to Blake that an opening might be found through these vaults, and that thus his escape could be made.

With this in his mind, Blake concluded to go on as rapidly as possible along that very path by which O'Rourke had tried to lead him to destruction. In short time he came to that place which O'Rourke had called the Painted Chamber, and, hurrying on quickly, yet cautiously, he soon reached the opening into the lower passage-way. Down this he descended, and, as he passed down, his eyes caught sight of those holes in the wall which he had so laboriously made. But it was not a time to yield to emotions of any sort, or to feel his melancholy in any way.

He now walked on very cautiously, for he was afraid of openings in the floor, and it was necessary to look well to his path. He expected before long to reach some larger chamber, which might mark the neighborhood of the Palatine Hill. For O'Rourke's story had still so strong a hold of his mind that he fully expected to see that place which had been called the "Treasure Chamber," though of course he had not the slightest expectation of finding any treasure, nor was there any possibility that one in his desperate circumstances should feel the slightest wish to find it.

As he went on, he found that the cross-passages were much less numerous than they had been. The path also along which he went had but a slight deflection from a straight course—so slight, indeed, that it was the same to Blake as a straight line. No pitfalls lay in his way, and it seemed to him that he had reached the lowest level on which the Catacombs had been made.

At length he had walked on so far that he began to hesitate. It was time for him to have reached that chamber under the Palatine, but he had found nothing in his way which, by any stretch of fancy, could be called a chamber. It had been a narrow passage-way, preserving the same dimensions all

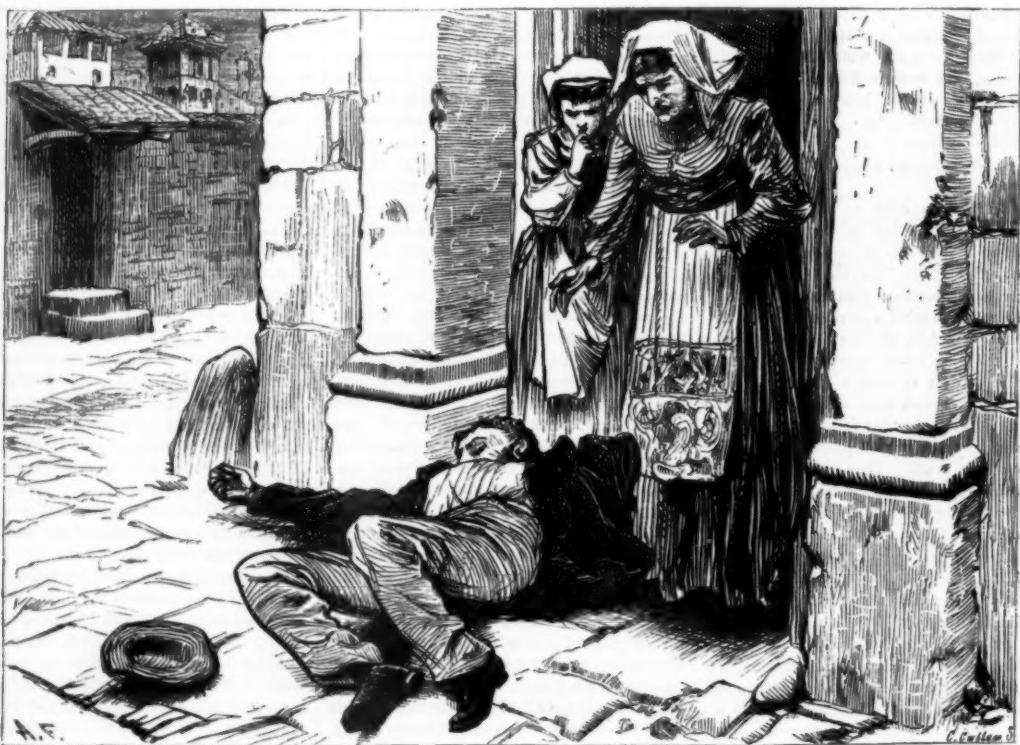
along, and the characteristic features which distinguished all the passages here. He seemed to be wandering on interminably, and at length the vague hope which thus far had encouraged him, or at least led him on, now faded away altogether, and he walked on slowly, merely because it seemed better than standing still.

There was no treasure, *that* he already knew; but he had now found out that there was no chamber either, no connection with any ancient vaults, and possibly no approach to the neighborhood of the Palatine. That part of O'Rourke's statements seemed now evidently thrown in to stimulate the fancy by giving plausible grounds to his theory of the

and more. With a despairing hand he opened the lantern, and picked off the top of the wick that had caked over, feeling all the while the utter hopelessness of such an act, for how could that prolong in any degree the life of the dying flame? It did not prolong it; the flame died down lower and lower.

Upon this, Blake, actuated by a sudden impulse, blew it out. He thought that the small quantity of oil yet remaining might better be preserved for some extreme moment of his life, when a ray of light for but a minute might be of far more value than now. So he extinguished it for the present, and preserved the minute or so of light that might yet be given for future need.

around, was almost equally impressive. Now, as he listened, that silence was broken by sounds which to him were more terrible even than the silence. They showed the presence of those ravenous foes who had held aloof during his progress with the light, but who now, while he stood in darkness, prepared to attack him. It was their hour, and they seemed to know it. From afar came the sound of their advance, the movement of rapid, pattering feet, the hurry of abominable things past him, the touch of horrible objects that sent a shudder through him. Since he had descended to this lower level, he had seen nothing of them, and in his other cares had forgotten them. Now they made their



"And he sank with a groan to the ground at her feet."—Page 658.

treasure of the Caesars. And where, now, should he go? In what direction should he turn? Might he not be wandering farther and farther away from the path of safety?

With such thoughts as these, amid which not one ray of hope presented itself, Blake wandered on more and more slowly. At length he reached a cross-passage, and here he came to a full stop. To go on any farther along this passage-way seemed useless. Here, too, his hesitation was succeeded by a discovery that promised the very worst. Already he had noticed that the lamp had become dimmer, but he had refused to believe it, and had tried to think that it was the hardening of the wick, but now the fact could no longer be concealed. Even as he stood here for a few moments, that light—which to him was symbolical of the light of life—faded more

All was now darkness, dense, impenetrable, appalling. His long search had resulted in absolutely nothing, and he began to think that it would have been better for him at this moment if he had never set out upon it. It seemed now as though he might have effected something, had he devoted all this time toward the task of moving away some portion of the stony barrier which O'Rourke had set up. A little reflection, however, showed him that this would have been impossible. He recollects the immense masses that closed up the opening, and considered that behind these were other masses. No; escape by that way was impossible.

He was at the intersection of two paths, and he had no idea now in what direction it might be best to go. The darkness was tremendous. The silence, also, that reigned all

presence felt and feared. They came up from the passage-way on his right. He could tell by the sounds that they were very numerous; he could feel that they were very bold.

To stand still there was impossible; to do so would simply be to make an attack certain. Once he struck a match, and the flash of the light revealed a sight so abhorrent that he was glad to have the darkness shut it out again—a multitude of eager, hungry eyes, from the ravenous little monsters that shrunk back at the sudden blaze, but were ready at any moment to spring.

He must move, for movement was his only safety. The narrowness of the passage favored him, for he could not be surrounded; he might possibly drive them before him. To move along this passage, by which they were advancing upon him, was necessary. Perhaps,

also, it might be best. These animals must have some communication with the outer world, and it might possibly be found in this direction. This way, then, seemed to him to be by far the most promising, or, rather, to be the one which had less of despair. He could not help wondering why the rats had not appeared when O'Rourke was with him. Could it have been the greater light or noise that deterred them, or the sound of human voices?

No sooner had Blake thought of this than he resolved to break the silence himself, and to use his own voice against them, hoping that the unusual sound might alarm them. Already they were leaping up his legs. He swung his ladder around, and advanced, pushing it before him, and wriggling it backward and forward. This was partly to drive the rats before him, and partly to feel his pathway, so as to guard against openings. Thus he set forth, and resumed his journey in the dark.

But not in silence. He was to try the effect of a human voice over his assailants. But with what words should he speak, what cry should he give there, commensurate with that appalling gloom, that terrible silence, these abhorrent enemies? No common words, no words of every-day speech, were possible. Where should he find words which might at once be a weapon against the enemy and at the same time be concordant with the anguish of his soul? No words of his could do this. He would have to make use of other words. Back went his thoughts to words heard in years past—the solemn and sublime words of the services of his Church, heard in childhood and boyhood, and remembered, though of late neglected and despised. In his anguish his soul caught up a cry of anguish—the cry of despairing souls in all ages, which never sounded forth from a more despairing soul, and never amid more terrific surroundings, than when Blake, wandering wildly on, burst forth :

"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam."

"Flani aures tuae intendentes in vocem deprecationis mea."

Nor was this the first time that this cry had gone forth, in Latin, in Greek, or in Hebrew, from despairing souls in the Catacombs of Rome.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BACK TO LIFE.

The loud and prolonged cries of Blake proved more efficacious than any active efforts. There seemed something in the sound of this human voice which struck terror to the fierce assailants by whom he was threatened; and though but a short time before they had been swarming near and leaping up against him, yet no sooner had the first words of his cry pealed forth, than they started back as though terrified, and finally retreated far away. There was a mournful satisfaction in having been so far successful, but none the less there remained in his soul a feeling which was now one of unalterable despair. Though

for the present his enemies had fled, yet he did not cease his cries utterly, but from time to time gave utterance to them, so that whatever power they had might be made use of.

He still walked on, pushing his ladder along the floor before him, and moving it as he pushed it so as to test the floor, and guard against the danger of openings into lower regions. He still carried the lantern which contained its few drops of oil as a last resort when some supreme crisis should arrive and light be needed. Thus he went on, nor did he forget that faint encouragement which he had gathered before he began this last march, by the fact that the rats had emerged from this direction, and might possibly have some communication here with the outer world. There was now nothing better for him than to move on, and he was resolved to move on till he died.

He had not gone far, after all. It was not long since he had left the place where his lamp had failed him; he had walked very slowly and very cautiously, for in that darkness any rapid progress was utterly out of the question. He had to step slowly and cautiously, feeling his way most carefully, first with the ladder, then with his foot, testing the ground before him, first with his toe before daring to plant himself firmly, and advancing only a few inches at a time. In this way he accomplished about twenty or thirty yards, when all of a sudden he became aware of something which was so amazing that he stood still as though paralyzed, with his eyes fastened upon that something before him.

That something had no very definable shape or form, yet the very fact that there was something before him, upon which his eyes could fix themselves, was of itself sufficient to account for the great rush of contending emotions which now succeeded to his despair, and overwhelmed him. There was before him—before his eyes—a visible something; dim, obscure, yet appreciable to the sense of vision, and it was not far away. It was a dull and barely perceptible light—so dim that it could scarce be called light, and yet it was light, light positive and unmistakable—light, too, from no lamp, but from the great external ocean of light which he had so yearned to reach, and which now seemed to send forth this faint stream to beckon him onward, and to inspire him with hope and joy and life.

As he stood there motionless for a time, of which he took no account, that light grew perceptibly brighter, and every moment brought a fresher and a sweeter assurance to his soul that there was no mistake, that his wanderings had led him in the right direction; that there was some opening here through which came the light of the external world—the world of life. At length the assurance grew so strong that it broke down his inaction, and he started forward to reach it, still moving cautiously, and feeling his way as before. He saw as he slowly advanced an irregular aperture gradually taking form, and through this penetrated that dim yet ever-increasing light which had met his eyes. Every minute that outline became more clearly defined, until at length there was more than an outline. He saw light and shade, and the

rough surface of stone, and a lighter space beyond the opening. The intense darkness from which he had just emerged had given to his eyes a greater power than usual of discerning objects illuminated by this faint light; and, faint though it was, it brightened more and more, just as though the external source of this light was itself increasing in brightness. To Blake it seemed as if the sun was, or might be, rising in that outer world; and the increasing light which he saw might be the sign of that gathering dawn.

At length he reached the place, and stood for a moment scarcely able to believe in the reality of his good fortune. It was an opening into a space beyond, about three feet long and two feet high, formed by the removal of some blocks of stone. The space beyond was an arched passage-way constructed of enormous blocks of stone, about six feet in height, and much wider than the passages of the Catacombs. At the bottom water was flowing along. Thrusting his head further through, he looked up and down. In the one direction all was dark, but in the other, at no very great distance, there appeared the glad outer world, over which was brightening the morning sky, with fields and houses reddening under the flush of dawn.

He remained here some time, drinking in great waves of this ever-increasing light with something like adoration, quaffing it like one intoxicated, hardly able to satisfy himself, but giving himself up altogether to the ecstasy of the moment. And what was this place, he wondered, upon which he had thus so strangely stumbled? What was this archway of Cyclopean stones, hoar with age, with its floor filled with rubbish, and running water passing on? A broken fragment of one of the massive rocks composing its sides had been removed, and formed the opening which had given him life once more. Doubtless this fragment had been removed in past ages by fugitives who thus were able to escape pursuit by plunging into the Catacombs. Perhaps those who removed the broken fragment cut the passage-way along to those farther in; or perhaps it was the work of some of the early Christians in the ages of persecution, and this may have been one of the secret and unsuspected entrances to the subterranean hiding-places. But what was this ancient arch itself? No place of graves—no passage-way among many others like it, was this. It was unique. It stood alone; and Blake, though a stranger in Rome, had sufficient knowledge of its most remarkable monuments to feel sure that this place upon which he had so strangely come was no other than the most venerable, the most ancient, and in many respects the most wonderful, of all the works of ancient Rome—the Cloaca Maxima.

But this was not a time for wonder, or for curiosity, or for antiquarian researches. Death lay behind him. Light and life lay before him. The horrors through which he had passed had produced their natural effect in extreme prostration of mind and body. Some rest, some breathing-space, was required; but, after that, if he would save himself, if he would not perish within the very reach of safety, he must hurry on.

He crawled through and stood in the

Cloaca Maxima. It ran before him, leading him to the outer world, giving him light and life. The treasure of the Roman emperors, which he had dreamed of finding, had been missed; but he had found the work of the Roman kings, which to him, in his despair, was worth infinitely more. He stood in ooze and slime, over which passed running water, which flowed to the Tiber. Blake did not wait, but hurried onward as fast as he could. The brightening scene, visible in the distance, and growing more brilliant every moment, drew him onward, and the terrors behind him drove him forward; so that this combined attraction and repulsion gave him additional strength and speed. He hurried on, and still on, and at length reached the mouth of the arched passage. Here he saw sloping banks on either side; and, clambering up the bank on the right, he stood for a moment to rest himself.

In that brief period of rest he had no eyes and no thoughts for the scene around, though for some that scene would have possessed a charm greater than any other that may be met with in all the world. He did not notice the Aventine, the Capitoline, the Janiculum, in the distance, and the yellow Tiber that flowed between. He was thinking only of rest, of refuge. He longed for some sort of home, some place where he might lie down and sleep. He only noticed that it was the morning of a new day, and consequently perceived that he must have spent a whole night in the Catacombs.

In that night what horrors had he not endured! As he stood there panting for breath, the recollection came over him of all that he had passed through. He thought of that first moment when he discovered that he was alone; that the ladder and the clew were gone; that he had been betrayed. He thought of his despair, followed by his efforts to escape; his long labor at the walls of stone; his ascent to the upper floor and pursuit of O'Rourke; his arrival at the opening, and his discovery that it was walled up. Then he heard the rattle of stones, and the voice of his betrayer, saying, "*Blake Wyerne, fare well forever!*" He recalled his fainting-fit, his recovery, and his renewal of his efforts to escape; and then followed that long horror, that night of agony, in which he had wandered along that terrific pathway, with its appalling surroundings. In such a situation a man might well have died through utter fright, or have sunk down to death through despair, or have wandered aimlessly till all strength had failed him. It was to Blake's credit that, even in his despair, he had preserved some sort of presence of mind, and had not been without a method in his movements. Yet the suffering had been terrible; and the anguish of soul that he had endured intensified his bodily fatigues, so that now, in the very moment of safety, he found himself unable to obtain the benefits of that safety; and so extreme was his prostration and so utter his weakness that it was only with difficulty that he kept himself from sinking down into senselessness on the spot.

This would not do. He must obtain some sort of a home, some kind of a lodging-place, where he might rest and receive attention.

His strong and resolute nature still asserted itself in spite of the weakness of the flesh, and he dragged himself onward, unwilling to give up, unable to surrender himself too easily to the frailty of his physical nature. The instinct of self-preservation also warned him to seek some shelter, where he might be concealed from the discovery of O'Rourke; for, even in the weakness of that hour and in the confusion of his mind, he had a keen sense of impending danger, together with a desire to maintain the secret of his escape. Animated by this, he went on, but by what ways and under what circumstances he was never afterward able to remember.

Afterward he had only a vague recollection of streets and houses. Few people were to be seen. The streets were narrow, the houses lofty and gloomy. It was the older, the meaner, and the most densely-peopled part of the city. The early morning prevented many from being abroad. He watched the windows of the houses with close and eager scrutiny, so as to discover some place where he might rest. At length he found a place where there was a notice in the window for lodgers. He knew enough Italian to understand it, and entered by the door, which happened to be open. An old woman was standing there, and a young girl was coming toward her from an inner room. Blake accosted her in broken Italian, and had just managed to make her understand that he wished to engage lodgings, when his exhausted strength gave way utterly, and he sank, with a groan, to the floor at her feet.

It was fortunate for Blake that he had encountered those who possessed common feelings of humanity, and were not merely mercenary and calculating people, who would have turned away from their doors those who promised to bring more trouble than profit. It is probable that this old woman would have been quite ready to overreach, or, in fact, to cheat any stranger who came to her in an ordinary way; and yet this same old woman was overcome by the sincerest compassion at the sight of this stranger who had fallen at her feet. Such apparent contradictions are not rare, for in Italy there is more tendency among the common people to swindle strangers than there is in our own country; and yet, at the same time, there is undeniably more kindness of nature, more tenderness of sympathy, more readiness of pity, more willingness to help the needy, than may be found among our harder and sterner natures.

So this old woman, though a possible cheat and swindler, no sooner saw this stranger lying prostrate and senseless, than, without a thought for her own interests, and without any other feeling or motive than pure and disinterested pity and warm human sympathy, she flew to his assistance. She summoned the servants, she sent for a doctor, and in a short time Blake was lying on a soft bed in a comfortable room, watched over most anxiously by perfect strangers, who, however, had been made friends by his affliction, and who now hung over him, and tended him, and cared for him, as though he had been one of their own, instead of a stranger and a foreigner.

Blake was in a high fever—a brain-fever

—accompanied with delirium. A long illness followed. He lay utterly unconscious; his mind was occupied with the scenes through which he had passed of late; and all his wandering thoughts turned to the terrible experience of that night of horror. During all this time he was tended most carefully and vigilantly by the kind-hearted old woman and her daughter, who were filled with pity and sympathy. Not one word did they understand of all his delirious ravings, nor did they know even what language it was. It might be German, or Russian, or Bohemian, or Turkish, or English, but this made no difference to them. They maintained the part of the good Samaritan, and denied themselves every comfort for the sake of their afflicted lodger.

At length the crisis of the disease was successfully surmounted, and Blake began to recover. In course of time he regained consciousness, and began to understand the situation in which he was. His gratitude to these kind-hearted people knew no bounds, and his earnest expressions of his feelings had to be checked by his careful attendants. These good people had grown to regard him as some one who was dear to them, and to watch for his recovery as for something of the utmost importance. But Blake's prostration had been extreme, and his recovery was very slow. There was also something on his mind. This was a desire to communicate with his mother. But he was unable to write himself, and these good people, though most anxious to serve him in every possible way, were quite unable to write a letter in English at his dictation. So Blake was forced to wait.

At length Blake gained sufficient strength to write what he wished. It was a feeble scrawl, and the handwriting itself expressed the whole of his weakness; but Blake, from a motive of pious deceit, tried to conceal the full extent of his illness. He wrote something about his journey to Rome on "business" (a very convenient term), and about his contracting an illness from the unhealthy climate. He assured her, however, that he was better, urged her not to be at all anxious, and entreated her to come on at once and join him. This letter he directed, and the good people of the house mailed it for him, after which they waited with hardly less anxiety than that which was felt by Blake himself for the result.

That result soon took place. In about ten days an elderly lady came to the house, and inquired, in a tremulous voice, for Dr. Blake. She was a woman of medium stature, slender figure, hair plentifully sprinkled with gray, and a face of gentleness and refinement mingled with firmness and dignity, which also bore evident marks of sorrow. She was unmistakably a lady, and she also had undoubtedly experienced her full share of those ills to which all flesh is heir. The moment that she appeared, the good people of the house recognized her as the mother of their lodger; and, while some went to announce her arrival so as to spare Blake the excitement of a sudden surprise, others endeavored to soothe her evident anxiety by lively descriptions of the great improvement which had taken place in the health of the invalid.

In this manner a way was prepared for a meeting between these two, and mother and son were soon in one another's arms.

At first that mother had nothing to do but to nurse that son, to soothe him, and to prohibit him from mentioning any exciting circumstances. But the son had strong constitution, which had favored his recovery, and that recovery was now materially hastened by the arrival of that mother whom he tenderly loved; whose presence at his bedside acted like a healing balm, and whose very words seemed to have some soothing, some vivifying power. After her arrival, his recovery grew more rapid, and at length he was strong enough to give to her a full and complete account of his whole history, without excepting any thing whatever. In that history she found many things to question him about. She asked very particularly about Inez and Bessie. She interrogated him very closely about the scene at the death-bed of Hennigar Wyverne, and also asked him many questions about his friend Kane Hellmuth. She was struck by the fact that Hellmuth was an assumed name; made Blake describe his personal appearance; learned from him the history of his marriage with Clara Mordaunt; and was anxious to know whether Blake had not found out his real name. But her chief interest was evinced in O'Rourke, about whom she questioned Blake over and over again, seeking to know all about his personal appearance, his age, his height, his gestures, his accent, his idioms, his peculiarities of every sort. The conclusion of all this was that she at length, with a solemn look at Blake, exclaimed: "This O'Rourke has been deceiving you, and under an assumed name. His real name is Kevin Magrath. It is impossible that these names can belong to any other except one man."

"Kevin Magrath!" exclaimed Blake. "I never heard the name before."

"I suppose not, dear," said his mother; "and so, as you are now strong enough, I will tell you all about him. You will be able to understand what his designs were about you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRANWELL BRONTE.

IT WAS my fortune, many years ago, to make the acquaintance of Patrick Branwell Brontë, the gifted and unfortunate brother of the authoress of "Jane Eyre." Those who have read the life of Charlotte Brontë, written by Mrs. Gaskell, will remember the vivid and revolting picture she draws of the unhappy Branwell—a picture, in my judgment, altogether overdrawn, and far too highly colored. The young man had his failings, very grave and sad ones, but he was by no means the reckless profligate that he is represented to be by Mrs. Gaskell. He fell into evil courses during the last year or two of his life. He drank deeply, and disturbed thereby the peace and happiness of his family. They took his misdoings very closely to heart—perhaps too closely. He had his private griefs, and was not strong enough to carry them on his own shoulders. His family treat-

ed him unwisely, and spurned him when he most needed their love and forbearance. They also, no doubt, felt deeply wronged by his conduct, and allowances must be made for them; but it is quite clear that their indignation conquered their charity. His sins were not unpardonable, and he paid their full penalty.

Whatever he was, even had he been a criminal and an outlaw, instead of sinning in a direction whitherward tend all the uncleansed passions of mankind, and through a fascination of cause which has lured thousands and tens of thousands to destruction and death, it was no part of Mrs. Gaskell's duty, as the biographer of his sister, to consign him to ignominy and scorn; and, having done her worst to blacken his name and memory, take to the chanting of Pharisaical litanies over his doom. There is such a faculty as silence, and it was esteemed so highly among the ancient pagans that they exalted it into a god; and, if Mrs. Gaskell had tested its power in this case, the scandal might have been less offensive. It is no bad maxim that, when one can say no good of a man, 'tis better to say nothing.

Branwell, during the latter part of my acquaintance with him, was much altered, for the worse, in his personal appearance; but if he had altered in the same direction mentally, as his biographer says he had, then he must have been a man of immense and brilliant intellect. For I have rarely heard more eloquent and thoughtful discourse, flashing so brightly with random jewels of wit, and made so sunny and musical with poetry, than that which flowed from his lips during the evenings I passed with him at the Black Bull, in the village of Haworth. His figure was very slight, and he had, like his sister Charlotte, a superb forehead. But even when pretty deep in his cups he had not the slightest appearance of the sot that Mrs. Gaskell says he was. His great, tawny mane, meaning thereby the hair of his head, was, it is true, somewhat dishevelled; but, apart from this, he gave no sign of intoxication. His eye was as bright, and his features were as animated, as they very well could be; and, moreover, his whole manner gave indications of intense enjoyment.

We talked a good deal about his sisters, and especially about Charlotte. He said he believed that more strangers had visited Haworth since the acknowledgment of the authorship of the novels than had ever visited it before, since it was a village. He described some of the characters with much gusto, and found himself, as Charlotte's brother, almost as much an object of curiosity as she was herself.

He complained sometimes of the way he was treated at home, and as an instance related the following:

One of the Sunday-school girls, in whom he and all his house took much interest, fell very sick, and they were afraid she would not live.

"I went to see the poor little thing," he said; "sat with her half an hour, and read a psalm to her and a hymn at her request. I felt very like praying with her too," he added, his voice trembling with emotion; "but, you see, I was not good enough. How

dare I pray for another, who had almost forgotten how to pray for myself! I came away with a heavy heart, for I felt sure she would die, and went straight home, where I fell into melancholy musings. I wanted somebody to cheer me. I often do, but no kind word finds its way even to my ears, much less to my heart. Charlotte observed my depression, and asked what ailed me. So I told her. She looked at me with a look I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old—which I never shall. It was not like her at all. It wounded me as if some one had struck me a blow in the mouth. It involved ever so many things in it. It was a dubious look. It ran over me, questioning and examining as if I had been a wild-beast. It said, 'Did my ears deceive me, or did I hear aright?' And then came the painful, baffled expression, which was worse than all. It said, 'I wonder if that's true?' But, as she left the room, she seemed to accuse herself of having wronged me, and smiled kindly upon me and said, 'She is my little scholar, and I will go and see her.' I replied not a word. I was too much cut up. When she was gone, I came over here to the Black Bull, and made a night of it in sheer disgust and desperation. Why could they not give me some credit when I was trying to be good?"

One evening, as we sat together in the little parlor of the inn, the landlord entered and asked Branwell if he would see a gentleman who wanted to make his acquaintance.

"He's a funny fellow," said the landlord, "and is somebody, I dare swear, with lots of money."

As the landlord spoke, a squat little dapper fellow, with a white-fur hat on his head, an umbrella under his arm, and a pair of blue specs on his nose, strutted into the room *sans cérémonie*. He approached the table in a very fussy and excited manner, exclaiming: "Landlord, bring us some brandy. I must have the pleasure of drinking a glass with the brother of that distinguished lady who wrote the great book that made London blaze. Three glasses, landlord—do you hear?—And you, sir, are the great lady's brother, I presume? Professor Leonidas Lyon, sir, has the honor of introducing himself to your distinguished notice."

Branwell responded gravely: "Patrick Branwell Brontë, sir, has the honor of welcoming you to Haworth, and begging you to be seated."

Whereupon the little man bowed and scraped, and laughed a good-humored laugh all over his good, round face, and said it was an honor he could not have hoped for, to sit as a guest at the same board, as he might say, "with the brother, the very flesh and blood of the great lady who wrote the books."

Here the brandy-and-water came in, and the little man grew merrier still, and more and more communicative. He was a professor of Greek at the London University, and, chancing to be in at Smith's, the London publisher's, whose partner Williams was a "wonderful man of letters—a very wonderful man, indeed!"—Williams asked the professor if he had seen the book of the season—the "immense book," he called it—which

was going to make one good reputation and half a dozen fortunes. Mr. Williams praised it so highly that he (the professor) grew wild about it, and asked where it could be got; and, when the publisher showed it to him, and put the wonderful treasure in his hands, he threw down a sovereign to pay for it, and would not wait for the change, but hurried home as fast as he could go; when he threw himself down on the library-sofa, rang for his candles, and ordered them to be placed on a little table close to his hand. He then fell to work a-reading of the book which the great lady had written.

"It was prodigious, sir!" he exclaimed. "I never read any thing like it. Why, I fell in love with little Jane myself after I had known her only half an hour, and thought her the bravest little heroine in the world. Then—but you'll laugh if I tell you, I know you will! However, I can't help it, and it's the truth. I am an irreclaimable sinner, sir, if I didn't get as jealous as the Saracen who murders his poor, innocent wife in the play with a pillow, as soon as I found out that Rochester loved her and she loved Rochester. What right had that surly old bear to love that poor, little, forsaken girl of a governess? Now, a remarkable thing happened to me, sir, on that night. My usual hour of retiring is ten o'clock—ten to a minute; for I'm a punctual man, sir, very; like a clock. Well, ten o'clock came. I was absorbed in a most interesting conversation between Jane and Rochester. To me, sir, this was now a personal matter. I listened and listened, and read and read, on and on, until I got at the secret there was between them. How enraged I was! If I could have got hold of that Rochester, I would have pounded his bones for him. I kept thinking he meant no good to her, you see—and I should have liked much to have her myself, in a most honest and honorable way, sir, you see. So, away went the leaves over and over, and away went the time. Eleven o'clock, then twelve o'clock, and still I was in an interesting part. So I kept thinking 'I'll read away until a dull part comes.' And so one o'clock overtook me—that was the least the clock could strike, which was consoling to me—because I had all the less time to brood over the strokes, and think what a fool I was to be out of bed at such a small hour o' the morning. I had no time to think about any thing long, however; the book was so unreasonably interesting it absorbed me like a sponge. So two, three, and four o'clock came, and my candles were getting low, and I resolved that I would go to bed next page. But, instead, I got into the very focus of the magic where Jane doesn't mean to be a mistress, and makes up her mind to leave Rochester forever sooner. Didn't I put that like a sweet morsel under my tongue? Didn't I devour it as hungry as a wolf? Wasn't every thing outside those leaves as dead to me as if they had never existed? Even my bed forgot to call me, and my eyes to blink; and I swear that, if five o'clock struck, I never heard it! At last, all on a sudden, and singing an old milk-maid's ballad, if my wench, Sarah Anne, didn't burst into the library, broom in hand, and only half dressed, and all her hair in curl-papers! She screamed like

a hyena, or any other similar innocent animal of harmless habits, and I stared at her through my glasses like one who has seen a ghost, letting the book fall out of my hands at the same time. This broke the spell, as I thought; so I took the book under my arm and went up to bed. 'I'll just take another peep,' quoth I, as I sat on the bedside. So I cautiously opened where I had left off, running my eye over two or three pages ahead, just to see if there were any thing there peculiarly interesting, and so, likely to fascinate me for more hours to come; and, satisfying myself that there was no immediate danger, I began to read again.

"But, what's the use of talking? I tell you there never was such a book. It's most amazing! It would humbug a saint, and cheat him out of his prayers. For, to cut the matter short, I read and read until daylight, until nine o'clock and then ten, when I came to F for figs, and I for gigs, and N for Nickleby Bony; and I for John the waterman, and S for Sally Stony—which, in short, means FINIS, and in English The End."

Branwell said this history of a professor's reading of "Jane Eyre" made him laugh as if he would split his sides. And, when he told Charlotte about it the next day, she laughed as heartily as he did; and presently Charlotte told the other girls, and he heard them, up-stairs, making such a confusion of melodies in the mixture of their vociferous laughter, that he caught up the echoes and gave them another ringing peal himself.

When the professor's story was ended, he tried to cajole Branwell into introducing him to his sister, the "great lady who wrote the book." He was dying to see her, he said, and had come all the way down into Yorkshire from London in the fond hope of getting a glimpse of her, and perhaps of touching the hem of her garment. When he found that Branwell fought shy of the proposition, he actually offered him a large sum of money, and then, taking from his fob a valuable gold watch, laid it on the table, and said he would throw that in to boot, if he would only let him see her and shake hands with her.

On another evening, Branwell related to me the circumstances of his early life. The whole family, he said, was fond of drawing, and Charlotte was especially well read in art-learning, and knew intimately the lives of all the old masters, and criticised their works with great discrimination and judgment. She was a good judge of paintings, and knew the secrets of composition and analysis. Branwell was also a good draughtsman, and had attempted oil-painting. He hoped, when he was about twenty, that he should have been sent to the Royal Academy, and all his studies were directed to that end. His father had provided them all with a good teacher; but Charlotte would go her own way, and ruined her eyesight—so that for two years she could not read at all—by making minute copies of steel engravings; and she wasted over one of these six precious months. Branwell knew how worthless his oil-paintings were; but he mentioned a family picture of his, containing portraits of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, which a friend of

mine had seen, and spoke of in very high terms as portraiture, although not as art. The likenesses were perfect, and there was a spiritualization and an individuality in them, he said, very rare to find in the performance of an amateur.

I understand that Charlotte's husband is now in possession of this picture, and it is to be hoped that some publisher may be induced to engrave it for the benefit of the public. A more welcome picture to the friends of the three sisters could not be issued.

Poor Branwell told me of all his dreams and hopes when that bright vision of the Royal Academy floated before his eyes. He knew he had great and versatile talents, and had no fear of failure if he could once begin a career. So enthusiastic was he about London at this time, that he got hold of all the maps he could find, illustrating its highways and byways, its alleys, and back slums, and short cuts, and studied them so closely that he knew them all by heart, and often cheated the "commercial gents" who came to the Black Bull into the belief that he, though a young man, was an old Londoner, and knew more about the ins and outs of the mighty Babylon than many a man who had passed his life within its walls. Then Branwell would astonish them by saying that he was never in London in his life.

He confessed to me that, if it had been possible for him to have prosecuted his own purpose and the design and hope of his family by going to the Royal Academy as a student when he was nineteen years of age, or thereabouts, all would have been well with him. He was passionately fond of art, and so, indeed, was Charlotte, who had once a serious design of making it her pursuit instead of literature. Many a fine fancy and grand picture of the imagination has she expressed through its sorcery. The exquisitely fine, delicate, and almost invisible handwriting which she adopted and used in the composition of her earliest literary efforts, was not more exquisite than her drawing, which was rendered with such pre-Raphaelite faithfulness in the accessories, down to the smallest details, as to suggest a very intimate and universal acquaintance with Nature and her occult meanings and correspondences. There are still in existence, as I learn, small pictures of hers, which are crowded with apocalyptic characters and moving processions, and strange, wild, sublime scenery.

These pictures were often done extemporaneously, as it were, in great moments of silent and solitary thought, when the mind was big with conceptions which thus struggled, or rather burst, into being and birth. She found the pencil, indeed, so competent to express the creations of her mind, that she had hard work to persuade herself that literature was her true vocation.

Poor Branwell spoke of this sister in most affectionate terms, such as none but a man of deep feeling could utter. He knew her power, and what tremendous depths of passion and pathos lay hid in her great surging heart long before she gave expression to them in "Jane Eyre." When she wrote the first chapters of her Richardsonian novel, he condemned the work as in opposition to her

genius—which is good proof of his discrimination and critical judgment. But when "The Professor" was written, he said that was better, but that she could do better still; and, although it is not equal in many important particulars to "Jane Eyre," yet it is a work of great originality and dramatic interest.

"I know," said Branwell, after speaking of Charlotte's talents, "that I also had stuff enough in me to make popular stories; but the failure of the Academy plan ruined me. I was felled, like a tree in the forest by a sudden and strong wind, to rise no more. Fancy me, with my education, and those early dreams which had almost ripened into realities, turning counter-jumper, or clerk in a railway-office, which last was, you know, my occupation for some time. It simply degraded me in my own eyes, and broke my heart."

It was useless to remonstrate with him, and yet I could not help it, and did my best to rouse the sleeping energies within him to noble action once more.

"It is too late," he said; "and you would say so, too, if you knew all."

He used to be the oracle of the secluded household in earlier days—before the love of drink mastered him. His opinion was invariably sought upon the literary performances of his sisters; but, at the time I am now speaking of, he was a cipher in the house. I do not believe, from what he said himself, that Charlotte read to him any portions of "Jane Eyre," which she wrote, poor girl, under the pressure of terrible moral and physical suffering and calamity. His was a sad history, and, later in the night, I had from his own lips the story of his final fall. It was an awful temptation that he endured, and through which he fell into ruin and degradation. But the time has not yet come when the story can be told.

JANUARY SEARLE.

LIGHTNING-PLAY.

COULD we look with the same quiet placidity upon the heaving bosom of a thunder-cloud as upon the flashing of fireflies in the darkness of a summer night, we should find few things in Nature more enjoyable to the eye than the keen play of lightning.

It is strange that we allow our prejudices and our fears to interfere so largely with our pleasures. For example, what creatures upon earth, not excepting the sylph-like movers in a ballroom, glide with more gracefulness than many of our serpents? Yet, because one species in fifty will protect itself by a fatal bite against being too closely intruded upon, the whole family is put under the ban, harmless lizards and all, and the cry of "Snake! snake!" will send a chill to the heart of every one within hearing. So, because it is a well-known fact that lightning can kill, and because one flash in a million does sometimes kill one person in a million (making the chances of safety 1,000,000 x 1,000,000 to one of danger), it is scarcely

possible for any, except the most philosophic, to watch its keen glare and listen to its deafening crash without an almost painful awe.

Yet, the lightning is beautiful—not so frequently the stream which leaves its track along the side of a neighboring tree, or shivers its trunk, for it is sometimes so sharp as to be blinding, and its beauty is rather of that order which may be denominated fierce—but more especially the gentler, and, at the same time, more picturesque display made by the radiation from one point of many zigzag lines thrown, almost like net-work, over a large part of the heavens; and still more beautiful is the combination of "chain" and "sheet" lightning, the first darting visibly from one mass of clouds to another, and the second (which is only the visible reflection of a flash too distant to be seen) illuminating the background of these rolling masses, so as to afford with each sheet of light a new form of beauty to their grand and graceful outlines.

Lightning has ever been a cause of dread to mankind, not only on account of the mystery attending its deadly strokes, but because, in most minds, it has been associated with the idea of a God in anger. This idea we discover among the ancient Romans, who called their chief deity "The Thunderer," and who held as accursed, and marked with signs of abhorrence, all places and things which had been struck by Jupiter's angry bolts. Nor was this idea foreign to the minds of those who wrote the Old Testament; for, not only is the thunder spoken of in Psalms xxix, as "the voice of the Lord," but in other places the lightning is described as "the fire of God," His "arrows," His "divided flames," His "hot thunderbolts."

Indeed, taking the Bible history for our guide, there is reason to believe that the idea of a God in anger is coeval with the first thunder and lightning witnessed by the human senses. Certainly, the language of Genesis ix. 8-17, "Behold, . . . I do set my bow in the cloud," etc., sounds as if intended to convey the idea that the rainbow was then seen for the first time. Yet this beautiful arch, which we usually see painted upon the skirts and the trailing drops of a thunder-cloud that has passed, is a natural phenomenon which must always appear when the eye occupies a certain position between the shining sun and the falling rain-drops. If the eye of man ever occupied such a position during the 1,652 years elapsing between the creation of Adam and the Deluge, then was a rainbow seen. But, when we come to connect the passage just referred to with the statement made in Genesis ii. 5, 6, where, in describing the paradisaical state, it is said that "the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth; . . . but there went up a mist from the earth, and it watered the whole face of the ground," we are left to infer that, during the paradisaical state, and the generations next succeeding, the earth was irrigated by some gender mode than the present system of showers and storms. The first rain, therefore, ever seen by man was that fearful downrush from the open "windows of heaven" which swept off the guilty race of antediluvians; and the first rainbow was that which

caught the eye of Noah after the deluge, as it spanned the bosom of the retreating clouds.

Our general inference from the above thoughts is this: That if the first lightning-flashes and thunder-peals known by man appeared as the heralds of that wrathful deluge, we may easily understand how they have become so universally associated with the idea of a God in anger. The tradition passed down to every succeeding generation from Noah and his sons; just as we may suppose that the universal hatred of the serpent, by every son and daughter of Eve, is a traditional inheritance from our "beguiled" mother.

One hundred and twenty-three years ago a part of the mystery attending this subtle and terrible agent was solved. Franklin's wonderful kite brought down sparks from the clouds, and demonstrated that the death-dealing bolt, known as lightning, was identical with that natural agent which sparkles so harmlessly in a cat's back when rubbed, and which plays at hide-and-seek in our own clothing as we disrobe of a clear, cold night.

At this discovery, the whole world of mankind within reach of science and the newspapers (very few in number then) drew a long breath of satisfaction and relief, and from that day to the present the students of Nature have been hot upon the trail, like the hunters of a tiger in a jungle, and have added many facts of nearly equal importance.

"We have almost mastered the sciences!" thought some short-sighted persons, soon after Franklin's discovery. But he had only opened the door. "We have almost mastered the sciences!" said others, subsequently, when they discovered electricity to be so universally diffused and so energetic that they were ready to attribute to it every natural act and influence for which they could not otherwise account. But this was only a step forward. "We have almost mastered the sciences!" think some now, after learning that all the "imponderables," as they used to be called, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., are essentially one and the same, being interchangeable with each other, and convertible at will into each other, and all owing their origin to the same hidden "gen," whether to be called photogen, or pyrogen, or electrogen, or kinogen, or something of the sort. We certainly have made great advances in electricity, especially during the last fifty years, so much so that the most learned treatises of that day on the subject sound odd, antiquated, almost absurd. But what do we know now in comparison with what remains to be known? Those who have plunged deepest into the mysterious chamber of which Franklin opened the door, come back to tell us that it is a mammoth cave, whose vestibule alone extends beyond all human torchlight, while there are openings to the right and to the left, above and below, leading to chambers and regions they know not where.

We have learned little in comparison with what remains, but we have learned enough to know that this agent, at times so wild and untamable, and fitted to inspire fear, is not always wild and dreadful. It can be evaded. It can be managed. It can be put into harness. It can even be made to do work like

an ox. We have learned too that, in many respects, it is like the air we breathe. Both envelop the earth, and are essential to organized life; with both we have our dealings ordinarily in their state of repose or of gentle action; and both are harmless, except in times of greatly-disturbed equilibrium, where the one rages as the tempest and the other appalls us with its thunder-crash.

The rapidity with which both these agents can pass from perfect repose to intense activity is familiar to us all; and between these two extremes what works of wrath, what pranks, what almost pleasantries, does not the lightning sometimes perpetrate! It is for the purpose of recording a few of these, occurring mostly under the writer's own eye, that this article is undertaken.

The usual or standard phase of lightning may be described as a keen flash or stream of light, accompanied by thunder, proceeding from clouds that ordinarily roll up in dark masses from the west.

These thunder-clouds—for they are as closely associated with the lightning as parent is with child—are often seen to work their way apparently *against the wind*; sometimes they do not come up at all, but start out of a clear sky, and stretch their dark wings on every side; and even when the angry masses come, as most others do, borne onward by impulse of the wind, they seem to come sullenly and in half rebellion, being whirled and convoluted as if driven by restless currents that have no definite direction. These, however, are more properly *cloud freaks*, while this article proposes to treat of those pertaining to the lightning.

This fitful agent has evident *likes* and *dislikes* for *places*, *persons*, and *pathways*, as strong as in some respects they are unaccountable.

We are told in books that, during a thunder-storm, it is unsafe to be in a crowd, since the human body has a strong attraction for lightning. Now, according to theory, this ought to be true, for the human body is so favorite a pathway that the lightning has been known to oblique from its regular course to take it, nay, to leap from a wall or a tree to a person near at hand; and, in one melancholy case, where two college-students were walking through the rain under the same umbrella, it was observed to leave untouched a two-story house on one side of the road and some moderately-sized trees on the other, and to prefer the umbrella-staff they bore, along which it passed to them, and left their bodies lifeless on the ground. But, while this is true, who ever heard of lightning striking a crowd of human beings, whether assembled in a house or in the open air? It may show a decided fancy for an individual, or for two, three, or as many as half a dozen, assembled near a conducting tree or wall, but toward a crowd it seems to have a repulsion.

In this respect the reported history of cities is remarkable. In Paris not a single death by lightning is said to have occurred from the year 1800 to the year 1851; while in the rest of France the number of deaths reported during the same time was at the rate of about sixty or seventy a year. In the city of London, out of seven hundred and fifty thousand deaths in

the course of thirty years, only two were from this cause, while in the surrounding country the number was as usual. Other large cities report similar facts, so that we may safely conclude that, although lightning will take very serious and undesirable liberties with individuals and with small companies, it shows great respect for crowds and for large cities.

But, even in the freedom of the country, its visits are by no means impartial; it has a strong preference for some places rather than for others. Certain fields, houses, and hills, are frequently struck, while other hills, houses, and fields, equally exposed, are untouched. This may be accounted for on the supposition that there are attractive deposits of metal in the underlying earth; but it has been so often observed as to have caused the remark that places once marked by lightning are most liable to be marked again.

This partiality is not confined to the lightning; but, to the great annoyance of farmers, is sometimes still more observable in the accompanying rain. Belts of country, running east and west, within sight of each other, will be deluged by successive showers throughout a whole season, while an intervening belt will be parched with unmitigated drought, the clouds passing over it dryshod, discharging their lightnings, it may be, but raining no rain upon it. Only a few days since a farmer was heard plaintively to say: "For the last fifteen years it has been so with my farm. I have seen the dark thunder-heads rise up from the west, so big that I was sure the whole country was going to have a wetting; but, just over you mountain, the rain would divide, part of it go north and part go south within sight, but not one drop come to us who live in the dry streak." Experiences of this kind, repeated through a series of years, in the neighborhood of railroad-tracks and telegraph-wires, have roused the wrath of farmers against these great public improvements, from the belief that the clouds have been diverted from their usual impartial course by these long and attractive lines of metal.

As to *persons*, not only are some more keenly sensitive than others to the lightning-flash in perceiving the phosphoric or sulphurous odor which it leaves in passing, or in a tingling or numbing effect upon the nervous system, but some seem to be more liable to the deadly stroke. Whether from peculiarity of constitution or of dress, or from the attraction of substances carried about the person, it has been observed that, of those seated on the same bench or standing in the same row, one or two will be struck down lifeless or rendered temporarily unconscious, while others will be comparatively untouched. For the comfort of the more timid sex it may be stated that women are more seldom struck than men, not merely because they are less frequently exposed, but because, when equally exposed, they seem to be for some reason less obnoxious. On a sultry afternoon an intelligent farmer was enjoying a loll and chat on a bench in his portico, with his head resting on the lap of a medical student, when a cloud rolled up from the west and began to mutter.

"We are about to have a thunder-storm,

and I doubt whether this portico is a very safe place," said the medical student.

"Safe place!" echoed the other in surprise. "Why, look at these tall trees overhead! what chance has the lightning to come through their branches?"

Scarcely, however, had the words passed his lips ere he was thrown from his wooden couch by a lightning-stroke, and his legs were so badly paralyzed that for days he did not recover their use; while the student, although feeling the shock, was so slightly affected that he sprung to his feet, and helped the other into the house. The farmer, however, was right about the trees. The lightning had not come through them; it had come from the cellar of the house, marking its way along the timbers, and had leaped from the portico to the trees in an *ascending* stroke. It seemed to say, by its gentle blow: "Don't boast, for you don't know me."

When a bolt is about to descend upon a grove where there is a variety of trees, there is a decided preference manifested for some kinds rather than others, not on account of their superior height simply, but of something in the trees themselves. *It is said* that the beech and the palmetto have never been known to be struck, although the latter, lifting its solitary, tuft-like head so high as to be often visible to a great distance at sea, would seem to be more than usually liable. Possibly this exemption—if such really exists—is attributable, in part, to the many *points* afforded by the small, lanceolate leaves of the one, and the sharply-serrated fans and pithy trunk of the other. Speaking of sharply-pointed leaves as a defense, has the *holly* ever been known to be struck? The cedar seldom is; and the immense forest-pines of the South, though often thunder-marked, are not so favorite a pathway for the lightning as the oaks and chestnuts. For instance, a pine about one hundred feet high, surrounded by others still higher, received among its lower limbs the head of an oak not so tall as itself by fifteen feet. The two trunks were about six or eight paces apart. A body of lightning, sufficient to kill both trees, descended through the head of the pine, marking several of its larger limbs, then leaped to the oak, which it tore from top to bottom, leaving the trunk of the pine unscathed. Why should the natural course of the electric current have been diverted from the one to the other, if there were not something in the watery sap or woody fibre of the oak more suitable for its passage than the resinous juices and constitution of the pine?

In cases where the general pathway is mixed, or made up of several different mediums, and where a selection is necessary between two or more of these at the same instant, it is sometimes curious to watch the choice. One Sunday afternoon, two negro-men were sleeping, back to back, in a stable-loft, upon a thin stratum of hay, with their heads toward an open window, and their feet toward a hole in the floor, over a rack from which a horse was feeding. A small cloud came up, and a flash of lightning, as if bent on a little mischief, and disdaining all ordinary rules, darted horizontally over some tree-tops, entered the open window of the loft,

waked up the sleepers by scorching their backs so as to take off the skin, then pitched *perpendicularly* through the feeding-hole, and killed the horse.

The last-mentioned particular is only one instance in many, going to show its especial predilection for horse-flesh. Some years since, a wild young planter, whose love of deer-hunting was second only to his love of fun, and whose love of fun yielded only to his dread of death, and especially of death by lightning, was returning from his plantation in a high-wheeled sulky, when, in the midst of a forest of pines near his house, he was overtaken by a thunder-storm. He urged on his horse to a dashing trot; for, of all places on the road, that immediate locality was most abundantly marked by lightning, and, of all situations that he could imagine, the most undesirable was to be seated, as he then was, between two large iron-rimmed wheels, directly over a heavy iron axle-tree, with his head raised several feet above every part of his equipage, while the lightnings were busy around him. All at once there was a fierce flash and stunning roar, and man, horse, and sulky, tumbled promiscuously into the road. He looked around in terror. Two pines, almost in reach of his whip, one on each side the road, were smoking from long white streaks down their sides. His house was only about two minutes' run from the spot, and in two minutes' time he was there. The story of his escape was told to his family with due eloquence, and, the rain having ceased, he ordered his hostler to go and bring the sulky home by hand.

"It has come already, sir," said the hostler, with a smile.

"Who brought it?"

"The horse, sir."

The poor brute, though struck senseless, had not been killed, and the falling rain had done for it all that art could do.* It is noticeable that the sulky bore no sign of the lightning-stroke in its wood-work or in its iron. The electric fluid had preferred horse-flesh to either man or metal.

From the incidents related, it might be inferred that the course of this aerial traveller is very capricious. But this seeming caprice may be the consequence rather of our ignorance than of its irregularity. We know only the general laws by which it is governed. Many a time the course which it takes is very different from that which our philosophy would prescribe. We know that it loves a metallic conductor. We are not surprised, therefore, when, on a railroad-track, we hear it pass with a loud snap from rail to rail, or hear it sing, hiss, or howl, as it follows for miles the course of telegraph-wires. Nor are we surprised to find the wires so far overcharged at times that the fiery current shall seek relief by means of the supporting posts, and shatter them to pieces. But we are hardly prepared to see it leap from the wire to a tree six feet distant, rather than leap six inches from the wire to the telegraph-post; yet this has often been observed. Perhaps

the juicy wood of a vigorous young oak or chestnut, within moderate reach, affords a more attractive pass-way to the earth than the dry heart of a telegraph-post, even though its surface be wet.

In its attack upon a house, it is natural to expect that it will follow the sides, chimneys, and main timbers. No one expects it to perforate a wall. Yet, in one instance, it (or something else accompanying it) left a *fire-marked hole through the weather-boarding and plastering* of a wooden house, such as might be left by a red-hot grape-shot. True, no one *saw the lightning do it*, for the family were absent at the time; but the house bore unmistakable evidence of a lightning-stroke, and that hole was long left there as a curiosity.

One of the most singular freaks, however, to which the writer can testify, was one in which little or no harm was done. A fearful crash of thunder had caused every person within miles of it to believe that some object very near them had been struck. After the storm it was discovered that the mark of the stroke was borne principally by two small pines, about thirty or forty feet high, and perhaps twenty rods apart, on opposite sides of a public lane.

The road in this lane was worn nearly a foot through the light-gray soil down to a surface of compact red clay. Midway between the two pines, a beautiful water-oak, very thickly leaved and branched, and almost globular in shape, grew in a fence-corner. The lightning descended one of these pines, then followed the zigzag "worm" (or ground-rail) of the fence, leaving along its path a loosened ridge of earth, such as would be raised by a ground-mole the size of a cat, or of an opossum. Arriving abreast of the little oak, it sought to cross the lane, working its way underground, like a mole, between the substratum of clay and the sandy soil at top, and leaving an even, graceful ridge all along its passage, until it came to the hard-packed clay of the road. There it seemed to become actually frantic, tearing a ditch across the road, nine or ten inches deep by one and a half or two feet wide, and throwing lumps of the clay to the distance of several yards. Having thus, by a desperate effort, crossed the road, it made directly for the water-oak. What there could have been in that beautiful little tree to excite its wrath we know not; perhaps it had not yet recovered from its excitement in being resisted by the clay, but it went to work with a perfect vengeance. It did not ascend the tree—at least no trace of its ascent could be discovered on trunk or twig—but it wreaked its wrath upon the surface-roots, searching out every one, though no bigger than a goose-quill, tearing it bodily from the ground, and strewing the surface with the shattered fibres. This act of violence seemed to exercise on it a soothing effect, for it now confined its course to the worm of this second fence, as it had done to the first, working its way underground, until it reached the second pine, which it ascended and passed—who knows whither?

Among the apparent caprices of this yet mysterious agent may be mentioned the fact that it does not always confine its rude play

to the immediate neighborhood of a cloud. Flashes and reports sometimes come from a clear sky. In a little town on the seaboard of Georgia a man is said to have been killed thus in the open street. There was no cloud visible, so the spectators testify; but there was a flash, then a report, and after that a dead man lying in the street, apparently killed by lightning.

Like its cognates, light, heat, and magnetism, electricity has no appreciable weight, no momentum, no discoverable element of mechanical force, like that of a stone, a lever, or a wedge. It *ought not*, therefore, to be able to propel, to rive, to lift, or to knock down. But that it *can knock down* needs no proof beyond every summer's experience. That it can *lift*, and *project*, too, will be testified by our lolling farmer, who was so unexpectedly thrown from his bench; and still more to the point is the fact that about eight feet of a heavy brick chimney, in the city of Montgomery, Alabama, was left, after a lightning-stroke, sitting awry upon the part below. The fluid, in pursuing the tin gutter around the eaves of the house, had been interrupted in its course by the chimney, and thus showed its power by lifting and moving several tons' weight of brick and mortar. As to its *riving powers*, we shall scarcely expect to see it splitting rails, or "getting out" palings or shingles with any remarkable skill, for it is rather a rough hand with most of its work; yet there are oftentimes pieces thrown from a shattered tree that might, on a pinch, be conveniently used for these purposes. That it does rive a pine-tree into pieces sufficiently small to be used for kindling is known to all dwellers in the "piney woods." This work of riving seems to be accomplished by its taking possession of the interior juices of a tree, and dissipating them so quickly into vapor as to cause an explosion. Whoever will take the trouble to examine the stripe left by lightning on a tree-trunk will discover a crack or split in the middle of it, following the grain of the wood. When the trunk of a tree has been scattered by such an explosion, the unsupported top and limbs must, of course, come to the ground, and it is not unusual for them to descend with no other disarrangement than that produced by their fall. A magnificent chestnut was thus shattered; fragments, as long and heavy as a man, were projected to the distance of fifty-five paces, and the raw ends of the unsupported boughs fell so as to stick in a great hole left in the earth where once the roots had been. It was a melancholy sight to one who had often gathered its nuts.

F. R. GOULDING.

A SINGULAR CASE IN BELGIUM.

THE insufficiency of certain kinds of evidence to form a basis for conviction in cases of alleged murder has been lately established in the celebrated Wharton and Schoeppel cases in this country. The conflicting testimony of a number of the chemists and medical men in these cases went far to establish

* It is well known that a drenching by rain, or by water artificially applied in like manner, is oftentimes highly restorative in such cases.

the innocence of both; whereas, fifty years ago, the testimony of one of them would have established the guilt of either.

Since the testimony of so-called medical experts has so frequently brought the innocent within the shadow of the gallows, the fact of its unreliability has gradually forced itself upon the public mind, and steadily and surely has the conviction extended, that this class of testimony, once so decisive and final in courts of justice in this country, at present ranks but little in advance of circumstantial evidence.

A case similar to the Wharton and Schoeppé cases, but more singular in its character and termination, has lately been tried at Bruges, Belgium, the seat of the Royal Medical College.

It was intended as a test-case of the value of medical testimony in establishing the guilt of accused persons in cases of this kind. Its strange result, and the high character of the medical men engaged in the chemical analysis, form one of the most conclusive arguments against placing too strong a reliance upon the testimony of experts or scientists, however eminent.

In August, last year, Agnel, a man-servant, was arrested in Bruges and placed on trial, charged with the murder of his master, M. Rigaud. The victim of the alleged murder had been a retired physician, a graduate of the Royal College, and a gentleman of wealth. His sudden and mysterious death at once enlisted the interest of a large number of people, and among them some of the most eminent physicians of the kingdom. The *post-mortem* examination and analysis were conducted under the immediate care of these latter gentlemen, including M. Girault, of the Imperial Laboratory, Paris, and M. Condé, a celebrated analytical chemist, of the city of Brussels. The case occasioned a deeper interest, occurring, as it did, at the time of the meeting of the Royal Medical Society in the ancient city of Bruges, of which society M. Rigaud was an honorary member. During its deliberations the subject of chemical poisons, and the methods of detecting their presence, formed a principal theme of discussion. In these discussions the Wharton case in this country was reviewed, and the tests then employed and the results arrived at were severely criticised. The discussion of the subject also developed a wide and irreconcilable difference of opinion among members of the society. The death of M. Rigaud, from alleged poisoning, occurring at this time, afforded an opportunity. The ability and learning of the college were at once brought to bear in establishing or demolishing the various theories that had been advanced during its sittings.

The result of an elaborate scientific analysis was held to establish the presence of a sufficient quantity of arsenic in the system of the deceased physician to have produced death; which, taken in connection with the evidence collected by the Bruges and Brussels police, led to the arrest of Agnel, the servant, on a charge of murder.

The criminating circumstances, apart from the testimony of the medical experts, which led to the suspicion and arrest of the servant,

were very complete and conclusive in their character; and, in a Belgian criminal court, which, like those of the French, seem intended only for conviction, it is probable that Agnel, under ordinary circumstances, would have speedily found his neck under the knife of the guillotine. He was a man of violent temper, and had been discharged from the service of M. Rigaud for exhibitions of ungovernable anger, the last occasion of his discharge being an intemperate quarrel with his master three days before the alleged murder. Three days before the death of M. Rigaud, Agnel had been reinstated, the physician appearing to possess a deep regard for his servant. This affection was also shown by an inspection of the will of the deceased gentleman, in which he bequeathed to his servant the sum of four thousand francs, and recommended him to the service of his (Rigaud's) brother, in Bordeaux, France. At the time of his death Rigaud and his servant were living in apartments in the Rue Varrie, with a lady by the name of Frank. The testimony of this woman and of Dr. M. Sardou, of the faculty of the Royal College, formed the strange *dénouement* of the trial which ensued, and saved the innocent Agnel from a felon's death.

After the death of the physician, and the result of the chemical analysis was made known to the authorities, the whereabouts of Agnel during the two days of his discharge were thoroughly hunted and traced by the detectives. Every angry word that had escaped him was noted, and an array of incriminating evidence collected against him that must have been fatal. It was shown that, on the evening of his discharge, he had procured a small phial of arsenic from the dispensatory of the college, for the use, as he had stated, of his master. This was after the quarrel and his departure from the residence of Mrs. Frank, in the Rue Varrie. It was also discovered by the detectives that Agnel had become involved in money matters in a manner that threatened his arrest and disgrace; so that the bequest in Rigaud's will, of which the accused was aware, became especially desirable to relieve him from his embarrassment. Agnel strenuously denied his guilt, as well as all knowledge of the matter, and evinced the deepest grief at his master's death.

The trial was conducted before the judges in the city of Bruges, and lasted four days. The testimony of the chemical experts who had conducted the analysis, was of a highly-interesting character, forming the basis of the prosecution. A number of dissenting opinions regarding the chemical tests for poison appeared in a newspaper during the progress of the trial, which were replied to by M. Girault and M. Condé, sustaining the methods of the test and defending their efficacy. On his examination before the judges, M. Girault testified positively to the presence of arsenic in the system of the deceased, and entered into a highly-scientific explanation of the manner of its detection, too abstruse for comprehension except by professionals. M. Condé's evidence, however, formed the most novel and interesting feature of the trial, being an explanation of a new pro-

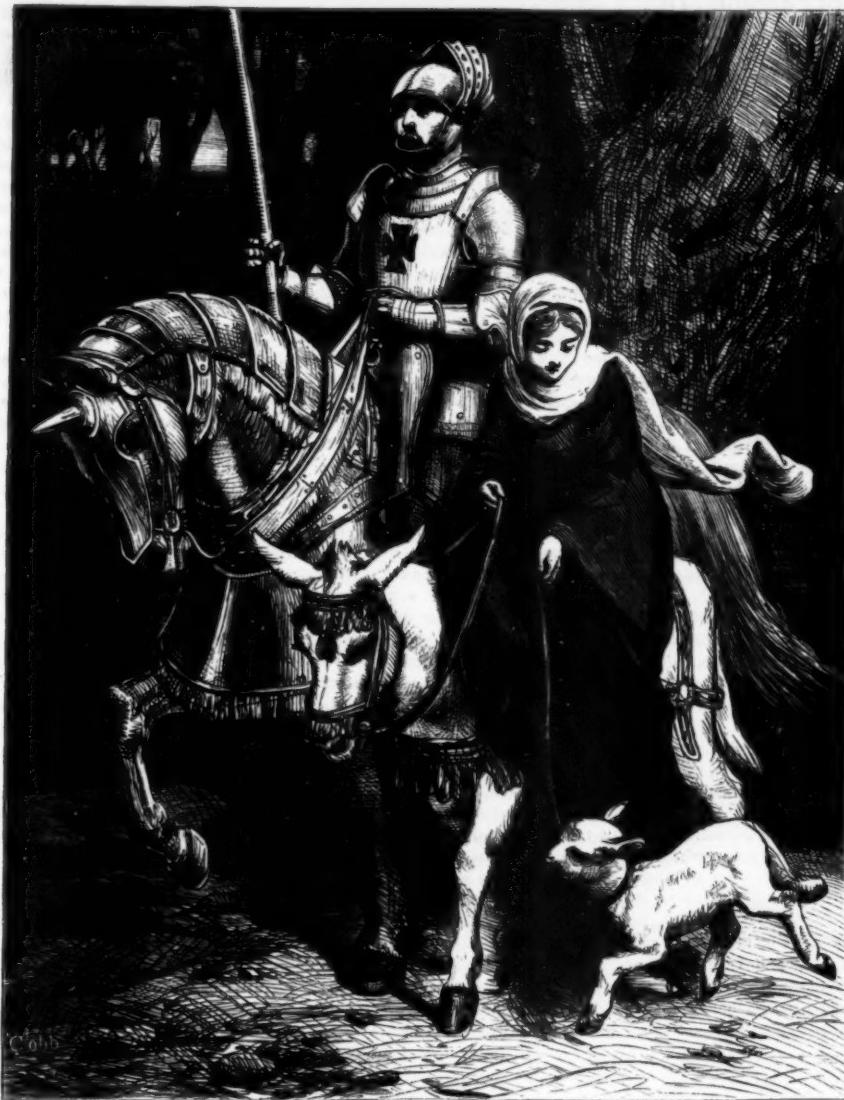
cess of detecting arsenical poisons by the test of affinity. His testimony, which was very elaborate and interesting, called forth the comments of medical men in all parts of the kingdom and of France. M. Coterie, an eminent chemist of Brussels, as the representative of a large body of medical men, was called to the stand. He testified that the process employed by M. Girault was, in his opinion, wholly inadequate to establish the presence of poison, and that the process of M. Condé would, in its operation, generate arsenic. His evidence, which was voluminous, was carefully prepared, and elicited the profoundest interest of the medical profession of Belgium.

By a preconcerted arrangement between Dr. M. Sardou and the counsel of the prefecture, the testimony of the former and of the landlady, Mrs. Frank, was reserved until after the evidence of the police and the long array of medical testimony had been taken. At that time the opinion of the judges and the public was evidently against the prisoner, who offered no evidence to dispel the damaging proofs of the police in regard to his strange conduct previous to the alleged murder.

On the last day of the trial the woman was called, and testified that, at the time of M. Rigaud's death, Agnel was not in the house, nor had he been there for four or five hours previous. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August, she had been summoned to the apartments of the deceased by a violent ringing of his bell, and had found him apparently in the agonies of death. As she approached his bed, he had handed her a large envelop, directed to M. Sardou, and had told her to send for him. Greatly frightened, she took the letter and hurried downstairs, for the purpose of sending her husband, as the sick man had requested. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, Agnel had entered the house. She ordered him to run for the doctor at once, that his master was dying. Instead of going, Agnel ran up-stairs to the room of M. Rigaud, whom he found dead. He then proceeded to the residence of the doctor, whom he accompanied back to the house in the Rue Varrie. Mrs. Frank gave the letter in charge of the physician. The interest of her testimony ended here, but it opened the way for the evidence of Dr. M. Sardou, which, with the letter, were submitted to the court. He testified that he had withheld his testimony and the letter from the previous investigation of the case solely for the benefit of medical science, and to establish a test of the reliability of chemical analysis in cases of this kind. The letter forms the strangest feature of this strange case.

It thoroughly established the innocence of the accused by showing that the deceased had deliberately committed suicide, and, further, that his death had not been occasioned by arsenic at all, but by a dose of antimony. Altogether, the case is one of the most singular in the history of medical jurisprudence, and the medical savants, who conducted and defended the theory of the chemical tests for poisons, are astonished and indignant at its termination.

CHARLES HOWARD.



SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

O H, sweet to dream, when summer days are long,
Above thy page, fair Fancy's gentle child !
Glad echoes, like the wild bird's fluted song,
Caught up from thee, our sorrows have beguiled.
And thou hast moved our hearts with terrors wild,
As swept along the storm of fierce Despair ;
And Pity, too, and Truth, all undefiled,
Are thine ; and the wrinkled brow of Care,
And Love, that still endureth, marvellously fair !

Fond, peerless Una, and her lamb, go by—
Bright Una, deathless as the soul of Truth !
With clinking armor, her true knight is nigh,
To save and conquer without fear or ruth.
So live these ever in their golden youth,

So glide along, in fair processional,
Thy rare and wondrous fancies ; and, in sooth,
Their footsteps down the distant ages fall,
And evermore their voices musically call.

Thy verse—a pure and gently-lingering stream,
'Neath murmurous foliage weaving shadows brown ;
'Mid nodding flowers with dew-drops all agleam,
By mossy rocks, and many a dimpled down ;
Now rushing onward where the storm-clouds frown,
Then slowly sinking into soft repose,
With dappling sunlight for thy glorious crown ;
And on thy banks the radiant, dreaming rose :
Oh, thus thou glidest onward until Time shall close !

GEORGE COOPER.

WITCHCRAFT AMONG THE NEGROES.

ALL over the South, wherever the African has been settled, he has carried with him the belief in and practice of the necromancy known in Africa as *obi*, and throughout the Southern States as voodooism, or "tricking."

In vain have religion and the white man waged war against this relic of barbarism; it still flourishes, hydra-headed, and ever and anon the newspapers raise an outcry as some fresh instance of its power and diabolical results is brought to light.

The negro witches have little in common with the witch of our story-books; they never ride broomsticks, or resort to the thousand and one petty arts of the Saxon or Celtic witch. Theirs is a far deeper and deadlier sorcery—a power which the negro firmly believes can waste the marrow in the victim's bones, dry the blood in his veins, and, sapping his life slowly and surely, bring him at last, a skeleton, to his grave.

Nor is this all a fable: there are hundreds of graves in the South on which might be placed the epitaph, "Died of *obi*."

"Well, honey," said a shrewd old negress to me once, when I had been exerting all the eloquence I possessed to convince her of the nothingness of this terrible bugaboo—"well, honey, dey mout jen' es well kill you es skear you ter deth."

Potent among their charms is that of the "evil eye," which, fixed on a man by one of these witches, has power to thwart every undertaking in life.

His axe will not cut; his hoe will not dig; his ploughshare will be broken against the rocks; his cow will go dry; plant he crops, they will not come up; and, whatsoever he doeth, it shall not prosper.

Mention has been made, in a former article, of this terrible scourge of voodooism, and the modes in which it is practised; but no mere words can describe the hold which it has on the mind of the Southern negro. Once convince him that he is "tricked," and, unless he be able to procure a "trick-doctor" whom he considers more skilful than the witch under whose spell he has fallen, no human power can save him—he believes that he must die, and die he will; a whole college of physicians could not save him.

A man was sick nigh unto death; his wife went to a witch-doctor, and received orders to open his pillow. She did so, and within it she found half a dozen or more tiny conglomerations of feathers, closely resembling the plumes on a hearse. These were burnt, and the man recovered. Another, very ill, was given an ointment with which to rub his stomach and chest. At the end of two days he vomited several hairy worms, and was cured. I know colored people who would swear to the truth of these statements, and I have myself seen the little plumes; indeed, learned men have taken the trouble to try to account for these last by natural causes.

This dread of "tricking" is a grievous cross to the Southern house-keeper, since it sometimes interferes with her changing servants,

as often they dare not take each other's places.

I had myself a cook of whom I was anxious to get rid. The woman had no desire to leave, and told every other servant whom I tried to secure that she did not mean to go. I finally engaged one, and this dread of *obi* was nearly the cause of my losing her. I was forced to notify the two women and their husbands that I would not and should not keep the former, if I had either to do so or to cook for myself. Even then my new cook remained under protest; and red pepper and salt—potent countercharms for voodoo—were freely used in my kitchen for the next week or two.

It is pitiful—it is mournful—to see, as we Southerners have often seen, strong men pinning away under the influence of this superstition, taking medicine with a sorrowful smile, whispering perhaps, in awestruck tones, the dreadful secret that they are "tricked," and dying, at last, in spite of all that medical skill could do for them.

I have known a young athlete, a brawny Hercules, whose strength was the glory of the plantation, who would shoulder a barrel of flour, and then, picking up a keg of nails, walk briskly up-stairs and deposit his burden with a grin, and who was as proud of his muscle as any wrestler of old; I have seen him laid on his bed with paralysis creeping from one member to another, until at last he could only move his eyes and tongue—dying by inches of a disease which the first physicians in the three counties around could do nothing to check or cure, and for which he and his fellow-slaves had only the one word of explanation—"tricked." The doctors held a *post-mortem* examination, and reported, "Singular internal discoloration, probably death by lead-poisoning in whiskey," when the poor fellow scarcely ever drank, and of numbers of sets in the neighborhood not one was affected in like manner.

Some of these old crones possess a marvelous knowledge of the nature and properties of every plant indigenous to the South. They have an herb for every ache or pain, and frequently prepare little bags filled with dried roots or leaves to be worn around the neck as a charm against disease or the "evil eye."

Some of the cures which they work are really wonderful. I was sick once—had taken violent cold, aching in every limb, and was booked, I felt sure, for an attack of pneumonia, or perhaps worse. My "mammy" had a noted herb-doctor for a friend, and brought me a cup containing a dark, bitter decoction. What it was I have no idea, but I took it from mammy with the same faith with which, when a baby, I had taken catnip from the same hand:

In ten minutes I was in a perspiration, and free from fever; in five more I was fast asleep; and the next morning waked as well as ever, and without a trace of cold; but I never could find out the name of my medicine.

Not far from the Virginia farm-house in which I was raised, just on the edge of my father's plantation, an old woman, renowned as a witch, owned a cabin and little bit of ground.

She had a crippled daughter, whose lameness was the result of white swelling in infancy, but the negroes scouted such explanation of the matter.

"White swellin', 'deed!" said one of my mother's sable handmaids to her mistress one day, with a toss of her turbaned head which spoke volumes—"white swellin', 'deed! Yowl white folks kin b'lieve dat! Her mammy lef' summun her trick-mixchers layin' roun', en de chile tread on um!"

A cousin and myself were one day sent to carry some wool to this woman to be spun—for she spun beautifully, and my mother often employed her.

Our body-guard consisted of two colored girls, one an irrepressible mulattress, the other a quiet, demure little black girl, excessively timid.

The house was a double log-cabin, with two rooms. We were invited into the first while the old woman went into the inner chamber to get the yarn which she had already spun.

Emmeline, the mulatto girl, was in a saucy humor, and amused herself by some pert remarks about the "old witch," which distressed her companion so much that I had to order her to hold her tongue.

Going home, Emmeline probably hurt her leg in climbing the rail-fence around the little yard—at all events, she soon began to complain of the limb, which grew inflamed, and swelled so rapidly that, before we were half-way home, she could scarcely walk. Both girls were much alarmed, and Emmeline, weeping, begged piteously to know if I thought she would be lame for life.

I had been reading Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and, recollecting his account of the superstition that no enchantment is proof against running water, I made Emmeline bathe her leg for about half an hour in a branch which lay in our path. Imagination and cold water combined served to relieve her, but she, no doubt, believes to this day that she was "tricked," and considers me a marvel of learning, because I knew how to deal with her case.

Shortly after the close of the war, a near relative of the writer was teaching in the mountains of Virginia. On the farm of the gentleman in whose family he resided were two laborers, Jim and Sam, the former a pleasant-featured mulatto, remarkably intelligent for a negro, and extremely popular among his acquaintances; the other an ugly, black negro, with a hang-dog expression. Sam had with his own color the reputation of "voodooism," and many stories were told of his prowess in the "black art."

One day Jim was taken sick, and it was whispered in the negro-cabins that Sam had "tricked" him. The doctor was called in, but could not classify his disease, although the poor fellow was visibly drooping, and complained of pain in the back and limbs, accompanied by great languor, and his pulse was as feeble as an infant's.

The doctor's medicines did him no good; indeed, it is doubtful whether he took them; and the case excited great interest in the white family, and was freely discussed among them.

At this juncture M— (my friend) begged permission to undertake the case, and see if he could not effect a cure by working on the man's imagination.

It was readily granted, and he managed that evening to waylay Jim in the woods about dusk, and anxiously inquired after his health.

"Po'ly, marster," was the reply.

"Well, Jim, I have come to cure you."

"You, marster?" with a sad, incredulous smile. "You can' do dat; yowl white folks don' b'lieve in my sort er sickness. Marster, I'se tricked."

"I know you are, Jim," gravely replied M—, "and I do believe in that kind of sickness, though I know there are not many white folks who do, and I can cure you."

Jim looked up astonished, while M— went on to detail his symptoms, which he had learned at second-hand from Jim's wife — telling him when and how he had been taken, and how Sam had tricked him—and, drawing on recollections of Scott and Mather, finally succeeded in convincing his patient of his great skill and knowledge as a trick-doctor.

"Now you see, Jim," he said, "this thing goes by weeks. Three weeks ago Sam hid a bloody hand under your door-step; two weeks ago you were taken sick; and next week you will be either as well as ever, or die. Now I know more about these matters than Sam does, and I mean to cure you; so come to my school-house to-night at twelve o'clock to see me; but don't tell anybody any thing about it, or the charm won't work, and I can't do any thing for you."

Jim was greatly impressed, and went away fully believing in his volunteer physician, and promising secrecy the most inviolable.

He was punctual to the appointment, and M— received him in pitch darkness, and went through a series of impromptu conjurations, which served to strengthen the negro's faith no little. He gave Jim a chalk-powder, to be placed in each shoe, and two huge, bloody hands—drawn in pokeberry-juice on white paper—with directions to bury them under his enemy's door-step, gave him orders to walk home backward, and finally dismissed him, fully convinced that Sam's power over him was at an end, and that he was on the way to recovery.

The next night he came to the rendezvous in good spirits, and reported himself much better; and, to make a long story short, at the end of a week he was really as well as ever; and M— had the satisfaction of having, in all human probability, saved the poor fellow's life.

But, in spite of his injunctions to secrecy, his fame as a trick-doctor went abroad in the neighborhood, and he had numerous applications from the afflicted for relief, insomuch that he was forced to announce officially his retirement from the profession, and decline positively to practise on any one.

I knew an old woman who supported herself entirely by her practice as a trick-doctor, and people came sometimes forty or fifty miles to consult her.

The medicines which these people use—if

medicines they may be called—are as singular as the disease which they profess to cure. A piece of bread stained with the blood of a wart and buried in the ground, will eradicate the wart (!). Chills and fevers are cured (?) by blowing into the mouth of a live frog, or walking backward to a tree in a graveyard, and tying a string around the trunk.

Paring from finger- and toe-nails, hair from the human head, blood from the tip of a black cat's tail, snakes' fangs, skins, and dried heads, wood that has been charred by lightning, of which negroes have a superstitious dread, believing (many of them) that a fire kindled by it can only be extinguished with blood or milk, and the horrible-looking insect known as the devil's horse, play an important part in the science of *obi*.

Education and religion are doing gallant warfare with this hideous form of superstition; still it yearly numbers its victims by hundreds, and it is probable that it will be long ere it entirely disappears.

Is there really any thing in it? Are these conjurers themselves deceived? Do they, in fact, know of such subtle and deadly poisons, or is it all imagination, proving only the power of mind over matter. Who shall solve the mystery for us?

MRS. M. P. HANDY.

ENGLISH REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"THE magazine," says a writer of a quarter of a century ago, "is meant for the *déshabille* and demi-toilet of authorship. It must depend upon its interest to us for its contemporary matter. It must talk of the day and hour, the whim or philosophy of the moment. It must be immediate and local. It must discourse readily upon the fashionable notoriety of the time, or read its homily for the benefit of the newest politician, or satirize the latest folly, and turn round to put us in conceit again with its conveniences and virtues. Its great aim is to make us pleased with the world as it is, its praise must be the very otiose of egotism and complacency, its 'feigned abuse such as perplexed lovers use.'" This was written in what may be called the period of transition between the old and the modern magazine literature: the old periodicals, which had survived from the last century, and which were chronicles, were passing out, and the class of periodicals which now flourish, and which are epitomes of every department of authorship, had not yet come in. The magazine is exclusively a product of the Anglo-Saxon race. No Continental nation has adopted the system of periodical publications, which may be said to have originated with the *Spectator*, and which has now become one of the great literary powers among Anglo-Saxon peoples. The English and Americans, as they have advanced in prosperity, and as the cares of commerce and business have more and more absorbed their time, from being careful and leisurely readers, have become general and hasty readers. A taste has grown for coming quickly and briefly at the gist of things. Epitomes and abstracts have super-

sedated treatises and the elaborate dalliance of the literary fancy. These busy nations, having little time for tomes, have taken to reading reviews and magazines, content with the rapid glance at men and things which they afford, and adopting in practice the old Greek saying that "a great book is a great evil." It would be curious, were there space, to inquire what influence the rise and still increasing popularity of magazine literature has had upon the style of English and American writers, and to illustrate the tone and coloring which it has imparted to the latest literary products of both nations. Perhaps Addison, in No. 124 of the *Spectator*, has indicated as clearly as could be done, in a few words, what change in authorship itself must necessarily take place, when the public abandons tomes for serials. Speaking of the guild of periodical writers, of whom he was the patriarch and first high-priest, he says: "We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid; our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. An essay writer must practise in the chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops." This "chymical method" is at this day imperatively enjoined upon the periodical author; and he who possesses the best mental laboratory for the boiling-down process is the most likely to gain the medium of the magazines for trying his solutions upon the public organism.

The idea of the modern magazine came, no doubt, from the *Spectator*. The success of that venture, the fame it won for its authors, the stir it created, being "canvassed in every assembly, and exposed on every table," stimulated many imitations, among which the *Tatler*, *Rambler*, *Indicator*, and many others, gained at least a temporary reputation and esteem. The idea of combining the publication of essays and criticisms, to which the *Spectator* and its immediate imitators confined themselves, with chronicles of events and narratives of political transactions and fashionable life, gave rise to that series of English magazines which flourished so vigorously in the last century, and some of which survived until late into our own. Indeed, one of the very oldest English magazines—if it is not the very oldest which bore that title—is still living, and, while it has renewed its youth, preserves something of the prim, old-century flavor. The *Gentleman's Magazine* began its long and notable career in 1731, when the "snuffy old drone from the German hive" was reigning in England, and Jonathan Belcher was royal governor of Massachusetts province, just a year before the birth of General Washington; and it is today discoursing of Disraeli and the Alabama claims, publishing sensational novels, and reviewing Ruskin and Darwin; having been for nearly a century and a half what a writer calls "a rag-bag of literature." Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman, has been all this while chatting in its "Table-Talk," and the old gentleman seems to have lost none of his quaint humor and last-century polish. It is interesting to observe, however, the changes that

have come over this hoary but still lusty periodical; for it represents perfectly the change in the tastes and requirements which the century and a half has brought about in the English-reading world. The first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, printed in 1731, announced that its pages would contain "Essays, controversial, humorous, and satirical, religious, moral, and political—collected chiefly from the publick Papers: Select Pieces of Poetry: a Succinct Account of the most Remarkable Transactions and Events, foreign and domestic: Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Promotions and Bankruptcies: the Prices of Goods and Stocks, and Bill of Mortality: a Register of Books; and Observations in Gardening: with proper Indexes." Fifty years later we find the *European Magazine and London Review* established, with contents somewhat different from, somewhat more modern than, the *Gentleman's*. Those contents were, parliamentary reports, which had not been permitted when the *Gentleman's Magazine* was founded, but which were now the most obtrusive feature of the *European Magazine*; odes by William Whitehead, poet-laureate, and other then notable but now quite forgotten bards; a "Theatrical Journal," with discriminating criticisms on John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Garrick, and Mrs. Jordan; a "literary department," with essays and poems on such topics as "the life of Johnson," "the progress of English song," and a "Nuptial Ode," by Sir William Jones; a monthly chronicle of events, political and court news, arrivals of celebrities, trials at Guildhall and Westminster, executions at Newgate, and a monthly obituary. Thus the magazine was an epitome rather of the facts and events, than of the thought, of the age; it was intended to keep country gentlemen informed, month by month, of what was going on in the metropolis; it had no fiction, in the modern sense, whatever; its essays were by no means confined to "live topics," but ranged over the widest field of classical and ancient English literature, seldom discussed questions of the day, and were of the most formal and desultory kind, imitative, to a large degree, of Addison, Swift, Steele, and Goldsmith, but most rarely imitating either with any thing like success. The magazine was essentially a chronicle, in days when newspapers were less enterprising, when the passion for fresh news had not been stimulated by steam and the telegraph, and when the gentry were content to wait for the monthly arrivals to learn the events of the day. The growth, however, of newspapers, the advance in locomotion, soon eliminated from the magazines their quality of providers of news; then the parliamentary reports, and the births, marriages, and deaths, the "promotions and bankruptcies," the prices current and bills of mortality, passed from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the rest into the newspaper columns, and they became more exclusively literary organs. The principal magazines of the last century, besides the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *European*, were the *London Magazine* and the *Literary Magazine*, both founded in 1735, the *Monthly Review*, which had a prosperous career from 1749 to 1840, the *Critical Review* (1756), the *Monthly Magazine*, which first ap-

peared in 1796, the *British Magazine*, and the *Town and Country Magazine*. The contributors to these magazines were anonymous, and were very few in number; their pages were not open to general contributions; and often the editor did all the work, excepting, perhaps, the reporting of parliamentary debates. The letters which so plentifully appeared were often fictitious, and inserted as the text for an editorial essay or homily, but they were often also genuine, and gave a fillip of controversy to the usually staid pages. The system of correspondence was evidently derived from the *Spectator*. But few of the great writers of the eighteenth century contributed to the magazines. The modern competition and spirit of enterprise which enlivened behalf of the English monthlies the literary efforts of prime-ministers and archbishops, deans and Orleans princes, great men of science and peers of the realm, are a new growth. The old editors never seem to have hoped to secure Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burns, or Cowper, as "regular contributors." Such periodicals as the *Anti-Jacobin*, started by Canning and Frere toward the close of the century, were of course exceptions, for the *Anti-Jacobin* was rather a political series of satires, carried on by scholars and politicians for their own purposes, than a magazine started as a commercial enterprise. The old magazines acquired the reputation and merit of publishing excellent critical reviews of literary works; indeed, the criticisms of the *Monthly Review*, one of which so severely castigated Henry Kirke White's first volume of poems that it nearly had the same effect upon him that the *Quarterly* had upon poor Keats, have not been very much improved upon since. Perhaps it was the success of the *Monthly* as a critical organ, which gave to Sydney Smith, Horner, Brougham, and Jeffrey, the idea of establishing the now famous and still brilliant *Edinburgh Review*. The appearance of this periodical, which originated with Sydney Smith, who edited the first number, brought about a speedy and important revolution in English periodical literature. It appeared in October, 1802, at a moment when Edinburgh was the centre of Toryism and intense literary conservatism, and when, as Brougham says, "the prevailing tendencies of the age were jobbery and corruption." It at once took, both on literary and political subjects, a bold and independent tone; and the ability of its articles from the commencement was so conspicuous as to secure even its obnoxious doctrines a hearing and respect. With such a critic as Jeffrey, such a wit as Smith, and such a master of political satire, logic, and invective, as Brougham, it could scarcely fail of leaping at a bound into popularity and power. The *Edinburgh*, however, was started on a somewhat narrow financial foundation. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the establishment of the *British and Foreign Review* by a wealthy man, Beaumont, some thirty years afterward, said: "Hitherto it was thought that Lazarus, not Dives, should set up a review. The *Edinburgh Review* was written by Lazzaroni." Its projectors, however, did not long remain Lazzaroni in any sense. It is stated in a recent number of the *Edinburgh* that the first twenty numbers were

written principally by Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, and Smith; that these wrote sixty out of the hundred and one articles which appeared in the first year; and that three editions of the early numbers were rapidly sold. Brougham claims that the *Edinburgh* at once "raised the character and increased the influence of periodical criticism." Jeffrey had charge of the *Edinburgh* from 1803 to 1829. The *Quarterly Review* was established in October, 1808, by Ellis, Scott, and other active Tory literati, under the especial auspices of Canning, then just risen to a high political position. The necessity of such a review was seen in the political as well as literary influence which the *Edinburgh* had already acquired, and the Whiggery of which needed a Tory corrective in a similar enterprise. The names of Gifford, Lockhart, Southey, Frere, and John Wilson Croker, are indissolubly linked with the old *Quarterly*; and it was in its pages that the famous criticism of Keats's "Endymion," which, according to Byron, gave the young poet his death-blow, appeared. For a time the *Quarterly* surpassed the *Edinburgh* in the ability of its articles: this was owing partly to the rise of a brilliant coterie of Tory writers in the decade of George IV.'s reign, and partly, no doubt, to the political prosperity of the Toryism of that period: Of the later reviews the *Westminster*, which was begun as the *London and Westminster*, by Bentham, in 1824, is the best known and the most able, and is especially notable for the boldness of its speculations and its trenchant radicalism in politics, religion, and philosophy. It is the organ of the Mill school, discusses all new theories with candor and courage, and devotes itself less to historical and biographical gossip, and more to living controversy, than the other two reviews which have been referred to. The *British Quarterly* is the most recent of the great English reviews, and is the organ of the orthodox Dissenters and advanced Liberals. Some of its latest articles have exhibited remarkable ability, and it bids fair to rival its three elder contemporaries. These reviews, it is almost unnecessary to say, are the best products of the world's periodical literature. They present the history of current works and the results of literary and scientific study, in an epitome which is wellnigh exhaustive; they lend a most valuable aid to the desultory and general reader, in appreciating the varied literary genius of the age, keep him au courant as to the rise, development, and decadence of poets, historians, essayists, and men of science: no subject which interests the world escapes their consideration; their pages are a condensed history of human thought from quarter to quarter.

The remarkable revolution brought about in literary criticism by the establishment of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* was soon followed by a revolution scarcely less thorough in magazine literature. The prototype of the modern magazine was *Blackwood*, which is still enjoying a ripe prosperity, though it has lost its old ascendancy in the field which it may be said to have been the first to occupy. *Blackwood* was started at Edinburgh, in 1817, as a literary miscellany, though it did not wholly eschew politics and criticism. It became one of the organs of the Toryism which

was then dominant both in Scotland and in England, and it fiercely engaged in the wordy wars which followed the triumph of Waterloo, espousing the cause of the Liverpool and Castlereagh ministry. Its special function, however, was a literary one. It appeared monthly, and presented to the public an entertaining miscellany of poetry, essays, and sketches, the writer's names being at first studiously withheld; latterly, the names of the more prominent writers have been allowed to transpire, though not printed with the articles. *Blackwood* abandoned the old magazine chronicles, and did not pretend to give news of any sort. During the first years of *Blackwood*'s career, its chief rival was the old *London Magazine*, which still flourished under the management of Mr. Scott, who, after his fatal duel with Christie, was succeeded by Mr. Taylor, noted as the author of a work on political economy, and as the stout advocate of the theory that Sir Philip Francis was Junius. While Professor Wilson gave an unaccustomed grace to the pages of *Blackwood* by contributing to them his "Recreations of Christopher North," De Quincey augmented the fame of the *London* by publishing in it his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." De Quincey tells us in his "Literary Reminiscences" that, in 1821, he found, among his *collaborateurs* as writers in the *London*, the familiar names of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Tom Hood, Hamilton Reynolds, Cary, the translator of Dante, and Crowe; indeed, it was in that year that Hood became assistant-editor of the *London*, whence he passed shortly afterward to the chief management of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Let it not be forgotten that it was in the columns of the *London* that Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" first appeared in a serial form; "Sartor Resartus" was published in the same way in *Fraser*, in 1833. *Fraser's Magazine* began its career in 1830, its opening article being a review of American poetry, *d propos* of a new volume of poems by N. P. Willis; and *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* first appeared in 1832, and to this day maintains the position it at once assumed in popular estimation as a collection of "useful and entertaining information." It was the first of the cheap magazines, although it was well printed, and its literary matter from the first had substantial merit, and was well paid for. Possibly its immediate success was due no less to the contributions of Christopher North than to the reputation and energy of its projectors, William and Robert Chambers. Within a brief period it reached a circulation of fifty thousand, and its present circulation exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand. *Chambers* has always been especially noted for its "information" articles. In 1833 the *Dublin University Magazine* was established; this soon achieved a wide reputation, and its scope, both as to writers and topics, speedily became a much broader one than its title implies, though it has always been regarded as the organ of the Irish Protestant *literati*, and particularly of the alumni of Trinity. Charles Lever was its editor from 1842 to 1845, and during that period he contributed to its pages. Charles Dickens started *Household Words* in 1850 as a cheap weekly periodical, issued also in monthly

parts. The great novelist's name was sufficient to insure its immediate success; and for nine years Dickens gave a close attention to its editorial management. The rupture between him and Bradbury & Evans, in 1859, owing to the refusal of the latter to publish in *Punch*, of which the firm were the proprietors, Dickens's letter about the separation from his wife, caused the novelist to secede from *Household Words*. He soon after established *All the Year Round*, the publication of which he himself controlled, and the editorship of which was perhaps the most engrossing occupation of the last decade of his life. In the first number he began, serially, "A Tale of Two Cities," and this was followed by "Great Expectations" and "The Uncommercial Traveller." Other eminent writers of fiction, among them Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Edmund Yates, and Shirley Brooks, have contributed serials to *All the Year Round*, and its literary excellence throughout its career has confirmed the welcome which the great name of its originator at first secured for it. The circulation of *All the Year Round* is enormous; since the novelist's death it has been conducted by the younger Charles Dickens, to whom the sole ownership of it was bequeathed, with an editorial taste and ability not apparently inferior to that of his predecessor. Dickens's example probably acted as a stimulus upon his rival Thackeray; for the latter, in 1860, planned the *Cornhill Magazine*, became its first editor, and opened in its pages with "Lovel the Widower." The *Cornhill* was unlike *All the Year Round*, as being what is technically called a "high-class magazine"—that is, a shilling magazine, instead of a two-penny one. Since Thackeray's death, his scarcely less-gifted daughter has continued that famous name on the list of contributors to the *Cornhill*, which maintains a position in the foremost rank among the magazines of the world, and which is understood to be now edited by Thackeray's son-in-law, Mr. Leslie Stephens. Mr. Trollope followed the examples of his brother-novelists by founding and assuming the editorship of *St. Paul's* in 1868; this, too, has been successful, and is a worthy colleague and competitor of the periodicals established by Dickens and Thackeray. Lesser lights of English fiction, in the persons of Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, and Mrs. Liddell, have yielded to the fashion thus set, and appeared as editors of and chief serial writers in *Belgravia*, the *Argosy*, and *St. James's Magazine*, periodicals which seem to meet with reasonable success, although possessing less literary merit than the *Cornhill* and *All the Year Round*.

The length to which this article has already grown must be my excuse for not including an account of many other English periodicals, some of them quite equal to the best which have been mentioned. *Bentley's Miscellany*, of which Dickens was at one time editor, should at least be noted as an excellent periodical of thirty years ago; *Temple Bar* has steadfastly kept "neck-and-neck" with the *Cornhill*, which it perhaps most resembles, these two occupying the same, or at least contiguous fields of magazine literature; *London Society* has a social, West-End, man-of-the-world smack of its own, in which it is

unrivalled; *Macmillan's* is, in the broadest sense, a "high-class magazine," and its pages have long been constantly illuminated by the writings of many of the foremost of English essayists, men of science, descriptive writers, poets, historians, and critics; the *Fortnightly Review* is a veritable *frondeur* in criticism, science, and theology; *Cassell's Magazine*, for a penny, yields, to an immense patronage among the popular masses, a surprising quantity of illustrated amusing as well as instructive literature; and the same may be said of the *Leisure Hour*, which is published by the Religious Tract Society, and aims to give healthful secular reading to English homes; *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, with such contributors as Mr. Gladstone, Dean Alford, Dr. Guthrie, George Macdonald, and Dean Stanley, are always full of excellent matter, and, having been transplanted hither, are perhaps as well known to Americans as any American magazine—for all these, of which a great deal might be written, a single paragraph must suffice. Enough has been said to show how much truth there is in what Sir H. Holland says of the recent augmentation in quantity and power of English periodical literature. He speaks of the anonymous writing which appears in this form as "one of the marvels of the age—writing often admirable in kind, and dealing with subjects of the highest import to social and political life." Most of the English magazines withhold the names of their contributors; of those mentioned, *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Macmillan's*, *London Society*, and *Belgravia*, are the only ones, I believe, which announce the authors of the articles. The illustrations of the English periodicals have greatly improved within twenty, and even within five years; a glance at the brilliant pages of the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, as well as of *Punch*, shows what high excellence this difficult art has attained among "our transatlantic cousins."

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

THE LATE KING OF THE SCILLYS.

A BOUT thirty miles south of the Land's End, on the coast of Cornwall, lies a group of small islands, known as the Scillys, probably from the name Silline, given to them by the Romans. They are twenty-seven in number, besides rocks and islets, comprising altogether between three to four thousand acres. Except what relates to their trading connection with the Phoenicians and Romans, and the circumstance of having been occasionally used by the latter as a place of banishment for criminals, the first mention of these islands in history occurs in the tenth century, when they were subdued by the Saxon king Athelstan. Thence nothing was heard of them to the time of the troubles between Charles I. and his Parliament.

Bastwick, a companion of the celebrated Prynne, who was sentenced, by Charles I.'s atrocious engine of tyranny, the Star-Chamber, to lose his ears and be imprisoned for life,

was incarcerated here, but, before long, the tables were turned; he was brought back in triumph to London, while the tyrant's own son had in turn to seek a shelter for six weeks on Scilly's wild shores.

Lady Fanshawe, who has written such interesting memoirs of that epoch, had a pretty hard time of it in Scilly, being, when in a delicate state specially requiring care, so badly housed that her bed was almost set afloat with the spring-tide. "I would by no means be guilty of drawing you hither," she considerably writes to a friend.

From the year 1552 until 1830 the Scilly Islands were leased from the crown by the celebrated Godolphin family, which sprang from a place of that name in Cornwall, where it has been settled for many centuries. Those familiar with Evelyn's "Diary" will remember the warm tribute he pays to the saintly wife of Sidney Godolphin—afterward the famous minister, of whom Charles II. said, "He was never in the way, and never out of the way." This lady, at her death, was carried all the way to Godolphin for burial, the hearse stopping each night by the way, and the coffin being removed and placed in a room lit with tapers. These obsequies cost a sum equivalent to twenty thousand dollars at present rates!

In 1708 the Scillys were once more brought into prominence by their connection with one of the direst disasters which ever befell the British Navy. On the 22d of October, in that year, the queen's ship, Association, and two other men-of-war, were driven on the coast of Scilly, and totally lost. Among those who thus perished was the celebrated Sir Cloudesley Shovel, commander-in-chief of the fleet. For a long time it was supposed that he was drowned, but many years after this catastrophe an old woman, on her death-bed, told the clergyman who attended her that she had a terrible crime on her conscience. She then stated that, when the admiral was washed ashore, life was not entirely extinct, but, tempted by a splendid emerald on his finger, she killed him. She produced the ring, which had proved utterly worthless to her, and it ultimately was given to Lord Berkeley, a great friend of Sir Cloudesley's, by his particular request. The tomb of Sir Cloudesley—one of the most noble and gallant-minded of men, who rose from the ranks by his own transcendent merit—may be seen in Westminster Abbey, where it was erected by Queen Anne.

Since then more than one awful disaster has occurred off Scilly's inhospitable shores; and, in a southwesterly gale, mariners give these islands the widest possible berth.

When the male line of the Godolphins became extinct, Godolphin Park—their Cornish estate—passed through an heiress to the then Duke of Leeds; and, on the death of his descendant, in 1830, Mr. Augustus Smith, a member of the famous London banking family, obtained, through the influence of his father with King William IV., a lease, or easy terms, of the islands.

Mr. Smith, then a young man, had suffered a great disappointment in love, which was destined to have a lasting influence—a happy

one, certainly, for many—on his career. The author of "L'homme-Femme" avers that men suffer quite as much as women from *affaires de cœur*; and it would appear that Addison must have had a similar idea when he penned the chapters regarding Sir Roger and "the perverse widow." Be this as it may, Mr. Smith never married, but threw his energies and wealth into the wholesome channel of service to his species.

At the outset of his career at Scilly the islands were in a miserable and neglected plight. The population subsisted by wretched farming and fishing. The island was cut up into innumerable small farms, after the fashion that proved so disastrous in Ireland. The people were intensely ignorant of all new and improved methods of agriculture, and, as a consequence, intensely bigoted.

The only method by which their king—as Mr. Smith came to be called—could induce them to adopt improvements was by effecting them in his own grounds, and then calling upon them to come and see for themselves the result.

In this way he did at last, by dint of determination and patience, accomplish great results.

The people gradually but very slowly began to recognize the truth that he sought their interests as well as his own, and he lived to see these islanders—who, at the commencement of his reign, were sunk in ignorance and apathy, and not unfrequently reduced to a state of semi-starvation—thriving, active, and educated, competing successfully, with the first market-gardeners in the kingdom, as purveyors of the earliest fruit and vegetables to Covent Garden.

In carrying out his plans, Mr. Smith played the part of a benevolent despot, and was for the time as much disliked as could be expected. He made education compulsory, and instituted admirable schools. He consolidated farms, and insisted on all the younger sons and daughters, for whom there was no employment on the island, emigrating to the main-land or elsewhere.

With a house in London and property in Hertfordshire, Mr. Smith, who was for the greater part of his life in Parliament, spent the largest portion of the year at the beautiful home he made for himself in Scilly; and Tresco Abbey, with its splendid rooms, choice library, and delightful semi-tropical gardens—for the climate is extremely mild in Scilly—is something to be seen and remembered.

Edgar A. Poe, in his definition of happiness—and we think it about the best ever made—gives, as a foremost ingredient, "an object of unceasing pursuit without ambition." Such a career as Mr. Smith's in Scilly seems to us to come very near fulfilling such a definition. For forty years the improvement of Scilly had been to him an object of unceasing pursuit, and yet it was one that would not come under the head of ambition, as men generally understand that wearing passion. Altogether, we can imagine—notwithstanding all the provocations, disappointments, and vexations—few careers more interesting than the improvement of a great neglected estate. Bulwer speaks of the profound and exultant satis-

faction of the man who, in declining years, feels that he can honestly say, "I have not lived in vain;" and surely few had more right to this proud reflection than the man who raised a population from poverty and prostration to affluence and prosperity, and who now rests from his labors, amid the scenes he loved so well, in the little Cornish church-yard of St. Buryan. Over his grave is to be built a tower so high that, in clear weather, the Scilly folks may be able to point out the tomb of him who was not inappropriately called their "king."

R. WYNFORD.

AN AUTUMN LESSON.

COME with me, friend, and let us roam, to-day,
Among the October uplands—far away
O'er broomy slopes to where yon Titan tree
Crowns the last distant hill-top royally.
Come! for the cheerful winds uprising, call,
With many a rapturous burst, and tender
"fall."

To the hale joyance of the woods and skies;
A voice from out the wood-born brook replies;
While every bush and tuft of shimmering
grass

Yields its own music, as the breezes pass,
And wake innumerable insect-tribes to song:
Not yet, not yet, hath the wild Winter's wrong
Touched to wan issues of malign decay
The core of flowers, or turned to death-like
gray

The bright-veined, delicate leaves so beauteous
still:
Broad, ruddy, splendid over heath and hill
The sovereign sunshine pours its light divine,
In noiseless, royal floods of airy wine,
Till thrilled and warmed by that keen heavenly
heat,

The old Earth's heart through every pulse doth
beat
With life half-sentient and half-conscious
bliss.
O friend, be think thee! what strange sight is
this?

Bright peace, imperial beauty on the verge
Of Winter's dearth! majestic fearlessness
Of coming tempests, and the furious stress
Of icy sleet, and whirlwinds, surge on surge
Borne from the mystic storehouse of the snow:
Ye, look; and, pondering, hearken! sweet and
low

The soul of Nature speaks, and thus she saith:
"So live, O man! that life's autumnal breath
Be fraught with power and golden promise
rare;

So that thy years' October, spread as fair
And tranquil as this scene of lustrous calm,
Full of all peace and fragrance, joy and balm,
May rest unshadowed, smiling softly bright:
Whether thou standest then on some clear
height

Of fame, long nobly wrought for, or, unknown
To the great world, dost tread the levels lone
That lead to silence, may thy steps be brave,
Thine eyes unfaltering, fixed beyond the
grave,

Which yet its smiling side may turn on thee,
An aspect flushed with immortality—
The good man's hope, who, in each complex
part

Of life's strange drama, howsoe'er the time
Might tempt to meanness or subdue to crime,
Keeps pure the spotless urnime of his heart!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

MISCELLANY.

Primitive Builders.

WE quote from an article in *All the Year Round* an interesting extract relating to the earliest instincts of house-builders: "It is not often sufficiently considered how closely allied, in their first principles, are the arts as practised by even the most barbarous races inhabiting this earth, with those which are the pride of the most civilized nations. It may be explained that this is due to the obvious truth that all arts, to whatsoever perfection they may have been developed, must have had their origin in the rude ideas of uncultivated times, and this is probably true; but the explanation, though a good one so far as it goes, does not go far enough. We have to seek the complete elucidation of so remarkable a fact in human instinct adapting itself not merely to human wants, but also to the available materials at hand. Thus, in stony countries, timber structures are rare, while in forest-regions, naturally, wood is employed in building. In hot latitudes, roofs are flat; in rainy climates, they are sloping; in cold, as thick as they can be made. We perceive these characteristics in nearly every part of the world. Again, with respect to floors. The savage who lives in a swamp, or within reach of a river or an overflow, elevates his dwelling on posts; he who inhabits a dry place is content with beating the earth hard; while he whose home is exposed to the attacks of wild-beasts, perches his cabin amid the branches of a tree. These rules, of course, are not universal; yet they are sufficiently general for the purpose. And it is curious to observe that, in the construction of their abodes, the simplest people upon this globe are governed by a common-sense reference to circumstances: the fisherman planting his house as near as possible to his boat; the tiller of the soil in spots most favored by the sun; the hunter on the edge of the wood or prairie. Instinct taught the warlike New-Zealander to erect his village in the most inaccessible position, as it did the Red Indian the most remote. The same innate sagacity told the Bedouins of Arabia and the Tartars of the Great Desert that it was in vain for them to dream of founding a permanent settlement; they must follow the seasons with their flocks and herds, and stay in one neighborhood only while its pastures are unexhausted. The necessity of frequent journeys dictated, moreover, the choice of materials. They could not be heavy, solid, or unelastic, but light, pliable, and in a portable form; hence the tent and wigwam, the use of skins and woven tissues, of slender bamboo, palm, and withy frames. In some of the less-known islands of the East, a man spends all the summer in his canoe, on the sea, or the waters of the streams, and in the winter, hauling his craft up a little creek, covers it in and converts it into a floating cottage, wherein, for a few months, he and his family enjoy a sleepy leisure. Where earthquakes are frequent, the savage is careful not to construct his habitation in too ponderous a style: firstly, in order that its sudden overthrow may not crush him; secondly, that it may be worth little, and be easily replaced. Thus, we perceive a subtle meaning in these apparently spontaneous and accidental varieties of edifices in which these tribes of mankind, self-taught in the strictest sense of the term, or rather taught by Nature, shelter themselves. Numerous definitions have been given of man; one of them might be that he is essentially a house-building creature, though not

alone in that respect, as the animal kingdom testifies by a thousand illustrations, from that of the beaver to that of the bee. Scarcely any tribe has ever been found, in the worst of wildernesses, entirely homeless. Even that most miserable of beings, the aboriginal of Australia, sleeps beneath a canopy of woven branches; and the very Doko of Northern Africa, though he has not wit enough to fasten two boughs together, scoops for himself a cavern in the side of the hill...

"A curious circumstance is, that savage tribes, though they frequently bake clay for the manufacture of household utensils, have never put it through this process in order to make bricks. If they want an earthen wall, they raise it in a mass upon a wooden or wattled frame, and rely upon compression, as well as the heat of the sun, to insure durability. But this depends very much upon the characteristics of the region they inhabit. The fixed tribes inhabiting the oases, or scattered expanses of wood and verdure in the Great Sahara, have little else to do than to bend a circle of palm-branches to a head, tie the tops together, plaster over the skeleton with a mixture of sand and mud, and the house is complete, since chimneys are not necessary, and the earthen floor is always dry. Far otherwise with the people of countries in which periodical rains occur, as in the hill-districts of India, where, and indeed on the plains also, long as the English have been established in that region, as its masters and civilizers, there are thousands upon thousands of villages which no Englishman has ever seen. They do not allow the season of deluges to take them by surprise. On the contrary, selecting the gentlest slopes, and those least exposed to the concentrated rush of a torrent, they drive their foundations of piles deep into the earth, so that no sudden gathering of the waters, unless it be of extraordinary violence, shall shake them. These piles, or posts, rise high enough to support the roof. But, twin with each, so to speak, is another solid post, only two or three feet high, and from one of these to another are laid rough plankings, covered over with a species of basket-work, to form the flooring. Before this is placed, however, the ground below is carefully smoothed, hardened, and furrowed with little channels, so that when the inundation comes, instead of being obstructed, it is actually aided on its way, and all danger to the structure above is prevented. This is a remarkable example of ingenuity taught by experience. On the other hand, there are countries which, rarely visited by an excess of water, are exposed to tremendous periodical winds. Without any but the rude science which has been acquired by observation, or which has been transmitted to him from his forefathers, the savage builder looks for a sheltered spot, and, if he be the denizen of a wood, is careful to avoid that side on which the great trees, torn up by tropical gusts, may be expected to fall, for, except in the region of whirlwinds, they invariably, season after season, fall in one direction—a circumstance noticed by numerous travellers. This is especially true of what are called the forest-gales of South America, where the native dwellings, though picturesque, are exceedingly primitive. The inhabitants of those immense solitudes, living far apart, entirely dependent for their subsistence upon the woodland and the river, and rarely brought into contact with strangers, exhibit a deep appreciation of comfort in the construction and arrangement of their houses, the fashions of which have not changed, we may presume, for untold centuries.

"But, of all savage tribes—to use the word savage in its conventional sense, as meaning primeval, and uninfluenced by association with Europeans—the South-Sea Islanders have excelled as domestic builders. We do not speak of them as they have been since the missionaries became their teachers, and altered their costumes; we refer to the time when they led their own free island-life, and when their only occupations were the gathering—not the cultivation, for it was not needed—of food, the fabrication of ornaments—not clothing—for their bodies, and the construction of their simple dwellings. Any thing more elegant, light, and artistic, better adapted to its purpose and the climate, or more in union with the nature surrounding it, than the Otaheitian cottage, as it stood among the palms, before civilization had sailed that way, it would be impossible to conceive. Latticed, hung with mat-blinds, floored and roofed for coolness, always exquisitely situated, perfect in outline, fragile as a hut of rushes, yet in its interior fresh as marble, it was precisely what the luxurious islander, among those happy forests, wanted—and this is a consideration not always attended to even in countries which have been steeped to the lips in civilization for the last thousand years or more. It is a misfortune, perhaps, that in studying arts we are so apt to forget our instincts, and in this respect there are savages enough left, perhaps, still more or less unsophisticated to revivify your memories. For that is the essential of nearly all savage architecture, if architecture it may be called—the adaptation of their work to their necessities. Of this we have already suggested illustrations. But the Europeans introduced formality—chapel-shapes, and other abominations, cast-iron school-houses, model cottages, huddled together in ill-placed hamlets for the sake of holding congregations, and gaining a leverage for authority, and the prettiest pictures of Pacific life are rapidly fading from view."

A State Poison.

On the swampy banks of the Old Calabar River, which discharges itself into the Bight of Biafra, on the west coast of Africa, there grows, according to an English writer, a leguminous plant, to which botanists have given the name of *Physostigma venenosum*. It is a climber, running up the trees overhanging the river, and not unfrequently almost concealing their foliage by its own luxuriant festoons. It makes a rich display of pretty pink-and-white papilionaceous flowers, of which, however, only a small number come to maturity. The plant, which the natives in their vernacular call *eser*, and in West-African English "chop-nut," like many other tropical fruits, ripens at all seasons of the year, though the most plentiful crop is produced about the month of November. Each pod contains from one to three beans, in shape not unlike our common horse-bean, though larger in size. When recently pulled, they are of a gray color, which, in a few weeks, deepens into a dark, chocolate brown. Their taste is in no way peculiar, being wholly destitute of bitterness, and, indeed, scarcely distinguishable from that of the haricot or French bean. As many as from two to three hundred pods are produced on a single plant. Many of these drop into the river at maturity; and, before the seeds become in a small way an article of commerce, the natives generally obtain their supplies of the bean from those carried down the stream and drifted ashore on its banks.

The bean or seed of this plant has very remarkable properties, which the natives have turned to an equally remarkable use. It is a

subtile poison, its noxious effects on the animal body depending on a peculiar power, to the nature of which we will presently advert, that it possesses over the nervous and muscular systems. This property of the seed the natives have turned to account by employing it as a judicial test or state poison for the detection and punishment of the imaginary crime of witchcraft. The tribe inhabiting this district has reached that stage of primitive culture in which every thing not easily traced by them to ordinary causes is ascribed to a malignant agency, exercised with terrible effect by the numerous votaries of this black art. Even events so little removed from the routine of every-day life as unlooked-for illnesses, sudden deaths, or unexpected losses, are believed to be due to the operation of this diabolical principle. In the bean, however, the natives conceive that they have an easy and infallible means of unmasking the agents of this detestable conspiracy against society. . The suspected person has simply to eat the seed: if innocent, he vomits it, and is safe; if guilty, he retains it, and dies. This form of ordeal by means of a vegetable poison is, of course, usually met with only in tropical latitudes, in which toxic herbs are more abundantly distributed than in colder climates. It is a custom of great antiquity, probably the first allusion to it being found in the early history of the Jews, in which the drinking of a cup of "bitter water" is mentioned as a test of conjugal infidelity. Judging from the firm root which the practice has obtained in the Calabar district, it must have prevailed among the tribe for a considerable period. Any one may bring a complaint against a person whom he suspects of having injured him by witchcraft. The accusation is made before the chief of the village, who, if the case be one of sufficient importance, summons a council of the chiefs of the neighboring villages to consider it. The charge being made, and the reasons for it, such as they are, being adduced, the person inculpated is called upon for his defence. Till within recent years, so great was the abhorrence of the accusation of witchcraft, that the defence always took the form of a demand for "chop-nut," which was granted as a matter of course. Sometimes the terrible ordeal was had recourse to on a great scale, as when a chief of rank was supposed to have died under circumstances of suspicion. In 1854, when a noted chief, named Duke Ephraim, died, all his relations and slaves, to the number of fifty, were brought to trial in this way, and no less than forty of them perished. Hundreds of lives were annually sacrificed to the horrible custom; but it is gratifying to be able to state that within recent years it has shown signs of being on the decline.

The following is the mode usually adopted in administering the test-poison: The place is most frequently either the fetish-house or the public square of the village, and the whole proceedings are watched by a crowd of eager and critical spectators. The priest or medicine-man of the village has the charge of preparing and administering the test. If the occasion be one of importance, he begins by offering up a prayer that the bean may continue its power of killing the guilty. He then hands some entire beans to the accused, who deliberately eats them. Others are bruised in a mortar, mixed with water, and given in the form of a draught. Sometimes only one bean is used; at other times, as many as two dozen. The dose, in fact, is regulated solely by the caprice or the private wishes of the priest, who is sometimes by no means fastidious in the accomplishment of his purpose. If the ac-

cused be particularly obnoxious to him, he will not hesitate to supplement the action of the poison by the more clumsy application of a club. Should the inculpated person vomit the poison, and thus escape with his life, he is publicly pronounced to be innocent and harmless. In this case, he goes the round of his friends, dances before them, and receives their congratulations and presents. The accuser is then liable to undergo the same ordeal, to prove that in making the charge he was not himself actuated by the demon of witchcraft against the person now proved guiltless. This latter custom places a salutary restraint on the gratification of private animosity.

Imperial Jokers.

An essayist in *Temple Bar* gives some telling anecdotes in regard to "royal and imperial jokers," from which we quote the following in regard to ancient proclivities in this direction:

"The *Cesars*," we are told, "must have been almost as dreadfully dangerous men to joke with as *Chaka*. The great Julius, indeed, after he became great, had no leisure for jesting, but was the object of some popular jokes, which he took with indifference. The guests of *Augustus* were afraid to 'crack a joke' in his presence. They would whisper one to a neighbor, and then turn pale if the emperor invited them to 'speak up.' The imperial table was as grand and dull as that of the copper *Augustus*, *Louis XIV.*, and the emperor had recourse to merry-andrews, just as the *Grand Monarque* had to harlequins. But the harlequins of those days were gentlemen and scholars. The grim *Tiberius*, on the other hand, was remarkable facetious. His delight was to puzzle his learned guests with unanswerable questions, such as, 'What was the name of the song the Sirens sang?' and the like. Fancy half a dozen members of the Society of Antiquarians dining with her majesty, and being gravely asked who built the marble halls the Bohemian girl dreamt she dwelt in! or, what was the Christian name of the 'Minstrel Boy?' and at what period 'Auld lang syne' had been young! Nevertheless, *Tiberius* was a nicer man to deal with than *Caligula*, all of whose jests were brutally cruel, in words, and oftener in deeds. What a serious joke was that when, having nothing on but the linen apron of a victim-slayer, he raised the mallet, and, instead of slaying the beast, knocked out the brains of the sacrificing priest! *Claudius* was too huge a feeder to have appetite for wit; but he would have eaten the whole beast that his predecessor should have killed. Yet *Claudius*, half beast himself, had a good deal of the scholar in him; as *Nero* had, who loved science, admired art, was mildly witty, and therewith as savage as an insane hyena. We must except the occasions of his visiting the theatre, when he sat in an upper seat, and found delight in flinging nuts down upon the bald head of the pretor below. That official was as proud of the attention as if every nut had been an especial honor. Joyless *Galba* had none of the *Neronic* fun in him. But, though not mirthful himself, *Galba* could smile when he heard the popular slang name, in allusion to his flat nose, 'Simius.' His successor, *Otho*, was just such a wit as a man might be expected to be who washed his face in asses' milk. If witty men went away from him feeling dull and heavy, it was the result of their exchanging ideas with their imperial master. He had his wit at second-hand, as *Vitellius* had, who got his jokes from a stage-player and charioteer. In more modern times,

when *Astley's* was in its glory, and the clown of the ring a joker that people went to listen to, that circus-clown got his jokes, not from his own brains, but from the Westminster boys. Jokes used to be made at Westminster as they are now at the Stock Exchange, where fresh batches are served each morning, like hot rolls. But to return to the *Cesars*. Perhaps *Vespasian* was a greater joker than any of them, but his jokes were often broad and scurrilous. *Titus* was rather gracious than given to jesting, though he enjoyed one sorry joke, in promising to every suitor that his request should be granted. They went away radiant. 'Every one,' he said, 'ought to despair joyfully from the presence of his prince;' and then, 'the delight of mankind' thought no more of his promise. The chief recreation of the gloomy *Domitian* was in playing dice; but he always won. Every antagonist knew what the joke would cost him if he beat the emperor.

"Altogether, those twelve *Cesars* were men compounded of the most opposite qualities, with a small modicum of what is called wit among the whole of them. Out of all those who followed, one alone, *Hadrian*, made a standing and a sterling joke—a joke which has descended to us, and added a slang phrase to our vulgar tongue. To 'scrape acquaintance' comes to us from *Hadrian*. He was at the public baths one day when he saw one of his veteran soldiers scraping his body with a tile. That was such poor luxury that *Hadrian* ordered that his old comrade should be supplied with more suitable cleansing materials, and also with money. On a subsequent occasion, when the emperor again went to the bath, the spectacle before him was highly amusing. A score of old soldiers, who had fought under *Hadrian*, were standing in the water, and each was currying himself with a tile, and wincing at the self-inflicted rubbing. The emperor perfectly understood what he saw and what was the purpose of the sight. 'Ha! ha!' he exclaimed, 'you had better scrape one another, my good fellows!' He added, 'You certainly shall not scrape acquaintance with me!'

"*Heliogabalus* was perhaps the most practical joker among the imperial jesters. We have seen at the *Surrey Oval*, in old days, a dozen one-legged Greenwich pensioners playing cricket against a dozen pensioners with only one arm. By-the-way, the one-legged men had the advantage, as the one-armed men often fell in stooping for the ball, wanting the missing arm to balance themselves with. It was the humor of *Heliogabalus* to get together companies of individuals all marked by the same peculiarity. He would now have at dinner a dozen bald-headed men, or twelve ladies with one eye each; he would have been delighted to have got hold of triple assortments of the three famous sisters who had but one eye and one tooth between them! Failing that, the 'lord of the sun,' as he called himself, was content to have a score of hunchbacks, or of flat-nosed men, or squinting women. He is said, on one occasion, to have put into a very small chamber, where dinner was prepared, so many excessively fat and hungry men, that they had no room for anything but to perspire, and not much for that. *Heliogabalus* was an expensive joker, but then his good people paid for the fun, and he might, therefore, indulge his humor without restraint at the time, or remorse after it. His supremely imperial joke lay in placing a number of guests on table-couches (guests reclined, and did not sit down to dinner), which were blown up with air, instead of being stuffed with wool. At a

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moment when the cups were filled to the brim with the choicest wine, and the guests were lifting them to their lips with anticipations of liquid Elysium, a tap was drawn beneath the carpet, which suddenly emptied the couches of their air, and consequently tumbled all the recliners on to the floor, where they lay pell-mell, with wine spilt, goblets lost, and utter confusion prevailing, except on the face of Helicogabulus, who looked on and indulged in laughter inextinguishable. Having but indifferent appetite himself, he was fond of sauces, and he highly rewarded any inventor of a sauce that was to the imperial liking. But, if it failed to tickle his very sacred majesty's palate, he had recourse to a joke of a very practical character indeed. That is to say, he condemned the unlucky candidate for his favor to live upon nothing else but the sauce in question until he had discovered another more successful in its object. Fancy having to live on anchovy, without fish, for a twelvemonth, or cat-supper and a little bread, from the Ides of March to the Kalends of December!"

Campenæs and his Proposed Invention.

In the pages of the old *Charleston (S. C.) City Gazette*, published more than half a century since, we find a curious letter from a French engineer named Campenæs, directed to Napoleon, while he was commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. It seems that the patriotic man of science, who lived in Paris, hailing the triumphs of Citizen Bonaparte, with the enthusiasm common at the time among his countrymen, had racked his brains to discover some means by which the French should go on from conquest to conquest, with this difference only—that the fatal blow which annihilated an enemy's power was to be delivered from the clouds, and not in the old vulgar fashion *en terra firma*.

At length he fell upon a plan, so superlative in conception, so curiously grand in detail, that we cannot help quoting the ingenious engineer's words, which will do far more justice to his magnificent idea than we possibly could by any partial description of our own.

"The only enemy," says he, addressing Napoleon (we translate from the original French), "which remains for you to combat, is separated from us by the sea. Finish in the wise manner in which you have begun the work of a Continental peace, and then come and repose yourself awhile among us under your laurels. . . . The artist who addresses you, filled with the most lively gratitude, will erect, if the means of execution be afforded him, a vast edifice, whence, at the conclusion of his labors, there will issue an aerial vessel, capable of carrying up with you more than two hundred persons, and which may be directed to any point of the compass.

"You can thus, without any danger, hover above the fleets of the enemy, and thunder against them, like a new Jupiter, by merely throwing perpendicularly downward firebrands made of a substance which will kindle only by contact and percussion at the end of its fall, but which it will be impossible to extinguish. . . . The period of this enterprise, if my humble voice can be heard, is not far distant. A single campaign would be sufficient to realize the whole of my plan. . . . Perhaps you may think it more prudent to begin at once, by forcing the British cabinet to capitulate, which you may easily do, as you will have it in your power to set fire to the city of London, or any other of the maritime towns of England."

How fortunate for "the fast-anchored island" that this stupendous scheme was not

carried out; or where now would be the British name and glory! The commander-in-chief, being a consummate genius, was of course an eminently practical person, and probably threw cold water upon the scheme by ignoring or ridiculing it; at any rate, he refused to throw money to the would-be inventor, which was much the same thing.

Suppose, however, that, by some combination of circumstances, accident, chance, discovery, or what you please, such a design could have been successfully executed—Heavens! what a change it would have made in the aspect of affairs and the course of history! The picture of an awful and disastrous march through Russian snows, of a great humiliation, an ignominious exile, a brief return to better fortunes, the final overthrow, and the lingering death—all these would have found no place in the world's annals; but, instead of them, we should have before us, Napoleon flying comfortably through the "serene ether" with some scores of his favored friends and counsellors, drinking coffee, and playing perhaps at *écarté*, while a body of experienced engineers and marksmen let fall their fiery missiles upon British ships or cities, totally unable to defend themselves, and in the last stage of perplexity, terror, and despair.

Further, we may imagine the "second Jupiter" stepping coolly to the edge of the balloon, or whatever that "aerial vessel" consisted of, and turning his glass downward, while he exclaims in a tone very different from that he used at Waterloo, "Ha! les Anglais! les Anglais!"

Doctor Nursey.

A Southern correspondent, who gives the signature of "Blake," sends us a description of a picturesque character in the South, who will interest our readers.

Way down South in Dixie, near our Station Two (railroads are scarce with us), there lives a personage known as Doctor Nursey—the doctor being a title conceded to her as a kind of reward of merit by her colored friends—nursey a matronymic we children gave her in "antebellum" times, when her lap was "headquarters for infantry," her arm a refuge from all childish grievances. Shall we introduce her? You would be surprised at her polished manner, her soft, sweet voice, her self-possession as she drops you a lowly courtesy, and exchanges the salutations of the day. She has an air of refinement about her from her gay turban to her softly-slipped feet; her very presence in a sick-room is a harbinger of rest; and, as she deftly passes her hand over the fevered head, or gently rubs the aching limbs, you would say, as we have often told her: "Ah, Nursey, you have virtue in your hands," and hear the quiet response: "Yes, mistress, I smothered a mole in my hands; and, when I rubs, I always bring the misery straight along out; I never rubs up—that turns it back again."

Unlike Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, Dr. Nursey is no graduate, although her fields for learning compare favorably, in extent at least, with any of her female competitors. Her "materia medica" lies open before her; she emphatically belongs to the old-field school, circumscribed by no man's limits. Like the Mikado of Japan, who proposes to promulgate a new religion to suit all classes, Dr. Nursey proposes a new order of physio, and her sable worshippers likewise regard her as an incarnate deity. When one of them has been "tricked or hunted," they repair straightway to Nursey, who, armed with counter-spells, "charms their fears," and away they go, making the

pine-woods ring with the refrain of "There is a balm in *Gilion*."

She has not yet set up her shingle, as our backwoods people call a doctor's sign; but, as you enter her door, look closely, and, nailed to the wall, you will find two buzzards'-heads, with the feathers removed, so that the sun may have full play in extracting the oil; under them, suspended by a string, hangs a paregoric-bottle to catch the drippings; this is one of her most efficacious remedies, and, as Dr. Tubb remarked, "it has a fine, venomous smell, and ought to be good for something." It certainly would runk any of Lubin's extracts; and, although not quite so agreeable to the olfactories as "Kiss me quick," the "Go-my-honey" ointment would, I am sure, be so highly appreciated, that the possessor would not take a hundred scents for his dollar's worth.

Dr. Nursey is patronized by all kinds of patients, the blind, the lame, and those incurables, the lazy; she has so much confidence in her skill, that she refuses none; especially does she pride herself on her success as an oculist. One patient who visited her I thought would test her in that line, he having lost the sight of one eye from cataract; but no! she was still mistress of the situation. Were not her instruments of the best construction? No one would doubt it were they to see them. Had she nerve enough? without doubt! So the patient being seated, with the aid of her finger and thumb she dexterously "tore the filum," as she expressed it, from his eye. If it did not prove a final cure, it certainly modified the disease from a cataract to a waterfall (of tears). En passant, we can say the patient came seeing nothing, but left after "seeing sights." The incurables, the lazy, numerically as well as physically the stronger party, come in droves. Nursey, always politic, has found a name for their chronic disease; she discreetly calls it "sleepy staggers." As a well-wisher of Dr. Nursey, I write this short notice of her vocation and whereabouts, in hopes that some learned graduate may visit her for the purpose of placing within reach of the public her valuable "intment"—the medical fraternity being noted for such condescensions, owing to their well-known belief "in auld wives' fables."

The Isles of Rugen and Falster.

The isle of Rugen, which suffered so severely in a recent storm, has many unique peculiarities. It lies off the coast of Pomerania, the province with which Prince Bismarck is so closely connected by ties of residence and property, from which it is separated by a strait a mile wide. So deeply is the island indented by the sea that it seems to be formed of several narrow tongues of land. On one of these peninsulas, named Jasmund, is a precipitous cliff called the Stubbenkammer, whose highest point, four hundred and twenty feet, is known as the King's Seat, because, when standing there, Charles XII. of Sweden witnessed, in 1715, a fight between the Swedes and Danes. Rugen is supposed to derive its name from the ancient Rugi. Its shape is extraordinarily irregular. So far as can be ascertained, it contains about a hundred and forty-two thousand acres.

The island is well watered, highly productive, and tenanted by a most industrious people. Game is abundant, and a large trade is done in geese smoked for exportation. The chief town is Bergen, to the northeast of the island.

Rugen belonged to Denmark from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, when it was ceded by convention to the dukes of Fomerania. When that house became extinct, the

island passed, by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, to Sweden. The people, about forty-five thousand in number, speak a *patois* of Swedish and Danish. They were emancipated from serfdom in 1808. Of late years Rugen has become a very favorite summer resort, and all the more so that its rugged and picturesque scenery forms so agreeable a contrast with the monotonous flats of the main-land. The coasts have long been a terror to mariners, and several ancient regulations are, or were, very recently in force respecting shipwrecks. When a vessel made signs of distress, the inhabitants were bound to hasten to her assistance, and first endeavor to save the crew. Those who arrived first were entitled to a preference for salvage, but none was to insist on his services if the crew alone could save the cargo.

The magnate of Rugen is Prince Putbus, who is one of the greatest "swells" in the North-German Empire. The Princes Putbus are among the few families enjoying hereditary seats in the Chamber of Peers, and, when the House met a few weeks ago, he was put forward as president by the Conservative party against the government nominees.

A few years ago the isle of Rugen was perhaps the cheapest place in the world, the cost of living being about an eighth of that in New York to-day; but probably, like other places, it shares the horrid tendency of the age as regards rising prices.

The Danish isle of Falster is one of a group about forty miles west of Rugen. The group form what is known as the Amt of Mariboe, Mariboe being a principal town of one of them. Falster, which covers about twenty-three thousand acres, is highly productive. There is a castle on the island, which has often been occupied by Danish sovereigns.

Women as they were.

"Young ladies of the time of Edward IV.," says a recent writer, "were brought up with greater strictness than their descendants under Victoria. Mammes in those days kept their daughters a greater part of the day at hard work, exacted almost slavish deference from them, and even, as an able antiquarian states, counted upon their earnings. After they had attained a certain age, it was the custom for the young of both sexes to be sent to the houses of powerful nobles to finish their education by learning manners, and thus a noble lady was often surrounded by a bevy of fair faces from the owners of which she did not scruple to receive payment for their living.

"Let us follow a lady of gentle blood through her occupations of a day. She rises early—at seven, or half past—listens to matins, and then dresses; breakfast follows; and this is her costume: a silk gown, richly embroidered with fur, open from the neck to the waist in front, and having a turn-over collar of a darker color; a broad girdle with a rich, gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the wearer to carry them over the arm; shoes long and pointed; a gold chain round the neck; and, to crown all, the steeple-cap, with its pendent gossamer veil. After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer, she will, possibly, if religiously inclined, go to chapel; if not, to the garden, and weave garlands. This occupation, enlivened by gossip with her friends, will take her until noon, when dinner is served, after which an hour or so will be spent with the distaff or the spinning-wheel. At six o'clock supper is served, after which, perhaps, follow games at cards or dice, or, possibly, a dance. Of the latter our young lady is extremely fond, and has been known, once or twice, when agreeable company was in

the house, to commence dancing after dinner and to continue until supper, when, after a short respite, she began again. She has grown tired of the old carole, and now dotes upon those merry jigs imported from France. Later on, another meal is served, called the rere-supper, or banquet, after which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine, if she be so inclined, and then retire for the night. Another day, in the proper season, she may go a-hawking or ride on horseback, or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrows, or witness bear-baiting, or some other such refined amusement.

"Young ladies of this age are cautioned by a M. de Montaignon, who appears to have been somewhat of a poet and a social reformer, against being too quick to fall in love, from talking scandal, from drinking too much wine, and from chattering at table. They are enjoined to practise habits of industry, to respect the aged, to refrain from quarrels, and, above all, never to allow gentlemen to kiss them in secret!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONE of the finest collections of paintings ever seen in this country is now on exhibition at the rooms of the Academy of Design. Starting with the larger and more showy of the paintings, the connoisseur is surprised to find, among nearly every class of subjects and of each school represented, several strikingly fine pictures. The great number of foreign works that are now constantly being brought to the United States are rapidly teaching the American public to comprehend some of the qualities of pictures, the qualities which give them merit; and Goupil, Derby, and other competent importers, are really among the leading educators in this respect. The New-York public have now become so conversant with the best points of Bouguereau, Meissonier, Gérôme, and Zamacois, that, to those who frequent the galleries of the city, a bad and slovenly painting appears as such, and even the ordinary amateur cannot fail to distinguish the leading merits and demerits of each artist. The Derby collection contains many lovely little *genre* bits of exquisitely wrought detail, wonderful contrasts of color and light and shade, and subtle harmonies of tint, each so carefully, faithfully, and sensitively wrought, that one is constantly tempted to wonder at the vast amount of study and feeling displayed in such small compass. But, passing over these gems, let us consider briefly a few of the most prominent pictures. It happens that there are a number of excellent paintings having many fine qualities, of which children are the subject, and one of the most attractive of these to the ordinary visitor, as well as to those knowing in artistic "points," is Bouguereau's "Learning to play," No. 309. Many of us are familiar with his "Twins," two lovely babies, in Mr. Belmont's collection. In "Learning to play," a little bare-legged boy, in an attitude totally *abandonné*, is half sitting, half hanging on the knee of a man, whose figure is dark and gray with shadow. The child holds a pipe to his lips, and on his lovely face is an expression half meditative, and half listening to the sounds he elicits from the instrument. The repose of the figure is delightful, but the most charming thing about it is the surpassingly beautiful flesh of the little legs and feet. The flesh of the "Twins" in the Belmont gallery is famous; but in this little pipe-player Bouguereau has surpassed himself, and has wrought the softness, texture, and tenderness of childhood into the paint. Another charming child-picture is No. 30, by Ingomar, of "The Little Brother," a large painting of life-size. The room and its furniture, and the little girl who holds the baby, are in partial shadow of rich, soft hues, though the forms of the objects are somewhat weak, but, on the background of this rich setting of color, is cut out a most delightful figure of a baby naked excepting its delicate woolen shirt, which has wrinkled up as the child hangs and stretches in the arms of the girl who is holding him. He looks warm and fair, and the position of his figure is remarkably unstudied and graceful, and, artistically, the drawing of the form is singularly simple in its contours. It has not quite the vigor Gérôme would have given it, nor has the flesh the look as if one could touch it, as one feels in the little pipe-player; but there is a great deal of pure form and good modelling in it, combined with remarkable breadth and simplicity. There is a fine study of color—light and shade—and of the human figure, in Slingeney's "Prisoner sharing his Loaf with a Beggar," No. 172. This work represents a Roman beggar, clad in coarse, dark garments, reaching up against a stone-wall toward a grated window, through which the wan hand of a prisoner is extending to him a piece of bread. A woman, in dusky hues, with rich skin, firmly-outlined figure, and the broad, level brows and straight nose of the ideal Roman peasant, is sitting pensively facing the spectator. The tints of the picture are very rich, and resemble, in tone, some of the works of Tiffany; the general sensation of temperature and light is also like his, while the drawing of the figure of the beggar is very powerful and full of vigor. Meissonier's "Cavalier," No. 307, is about as good as the one in the Belmont collection. Merle's study of the "Lunatic," No. 70, from which the painting recently at Goupil's was taken, is interesting as a work of art, and even more expressive than the finished painting; but it has not the same development of color, and the shadows are heavy and disproportioned to the light. Three interesting subjects, which are in many ways very well treated, are Mouchot's "Sortie of the Grand Council at Venice, Sixteenth Century," No. 201, a large, full-light painting of the ducal palace, the architectural decorations of which, though a little hard, are quite in keeping with the imposing impression produced by the architect-

ure itself, and by the groups of richly-dressed personages who are descending the grand staircase, and are pacing the court below. Two other paintings of the same class, "Queen Elizabeth knighting Admiral Drake," No. 22, and the queen returning from knighting him, 23, are both interesting historically, and are admirably managed artistically. The groups of figures are a little formal compared with those in the Venetian picture, but the treatment of the sky, the sea, and the atmospheric effect of the queer old ships, seen through vapor and sunshine, are exceedingly good. We should like to go into detailed descriptions of the cabinet-pictures, but can only allow ourselves to mention Burger's "Bookworm," No. 347. It is quite small, and its title indicates the subject. It is not much in its outward meaning, but is very wonderful in its curious tones of color and in the type of its forms. Musically speaking, it might be called a "fugue" on broad tints, and a *fugue* on angular figures. Yet neither tints nor figures are obtrusive, nor do they destroy the main ideas of the picture, which many people would pass by as ordinary, while to a practised eye there is an aroma about it comparable to some curious perfume, and a flavor like the cultivated taste for olives or odd spices.

— We have recently been again entertained by enthusiastic accounts in the daily papers of a police raid upon certain Broadway "concert-saloons." Seven of these "dens of vice" were descended upon near midnight, the proprietors, the waiting-girls, and the visitors, put under arrest, and all but a few of the guests marched off to the station-house. The particulars given by the reporters were rendered specially edifying by the exceedingly moral sentiments with which they were garnished and adorned, but we found no description of the affair wherein the writer doubted the legality of the proceeding. It cannot be questioned that these "concert-saloons," as they are called, are as immoral and vicious as the most glowing imaginations of the reporters have painted them. Under cover of a musical entertainment, they practise things which the reserve of a respectable journal forbids us even to mention. They ought to be suppressed. But then they ought to be suppressed by lawful authority, in a legal manner. If they are illegal—and recent legislative enactments, it is generally understood, make them so—how is it that we find the proprietors conducting them openly, without the slightest reservation or concealment, week after week, and month after month, entirely undisturbed by the police? If they are illegal, how is it that the police-officer passes them hourly on his beat for half a year, and never even utters a protest, much less makes an arrest? Clearly, if the supposition of illegality be correct, the police are guilty of flagrant neglect of duty, and some competent power should step in to

bring them to punishment therefor. But, if the concert-saloons are not amenable to known law, if they violate no statute and no city ordinances, how is it that the police may make organized descents upon them—may, at their capricious pleasure, drag off their inmates to prison? Do they proceed upon warrants? Who issues the warrants? Have we law and rightfully organized authority in New York, or are we subject to the whims, passions, caprices, and personal decrees of our rulers? If the police, without authority, may enter a bad man's house, they may enter a good one's; if they may arrest and imprison A without legal warrant, they may indulge in a similar stretch of authority with the rest of the alphabet. In any way that it may be viewed, these "raids" upon suspected places are infamous—infamous because, if illegal, their existence at all is by the connivance of the "guardians of the peace," as we term our uniformed rulers, and, specially infamous if not illegal, the police, presuming upon their power to intimidate, arbitrarily suppress them. If we have any regard for the authority and sanctity of law, and for the security of individual liberty, we must see to it that these "raids" end at once and forever. And, if some of the chance guests at these places who are so often unceremoniously dragged off under capture, would, instead of pusillanimously whining out their excuses, or surreptitiously trying to escape, boldly accept their position, and legally test the right to make arrests under such circumstances, we will neglect to inquire the motives that led them into a place of disrepute, in open admiration of the public spirit, and old-fashioned resistance to unlawful authority, which their conduct will exhibit.

— The reassembling of the French Chamber has been signalized by party collisions which show that the summer vacation has cooled the temper neither of M. Thiers himself nor of the deputies in general. The veteran president's message, in which he declared the republic to be the established form of government, gave instant offence to the monarchical majority, composed of the Right and Right Centre; and, upon a vote of confidence in the executive, a large portion of that party abstained from voting at all, thus tacitly betraying their purpose no longer to yield a willing support to M. Thiers. This produced a crisis, further threats of resignation on the part of M. Thiers, and a state of conflict and suspense, the issue of which, as we write, cannot be foreseen, and is not even foreshadowed. Ever since M. Thiers became president there has been a constant conflict on the part of the two antagonistic elements in the Chamber—monarchical and republican—to control his administration; and, up to the close of last summer's session, the former do not seem to have despaired of winning him to an espousal of their cause. But the whole tendency of events since has rendered

it more clear that France is becoming decidedly republican in feeling, and the president responded to what he thought prevailing public opinion by adhering to his alliance with the republicans. The legislative majority, which is monarchical, moderate, or extreme, will hardly venture to make a direct attempt to set up the throne in the face of the evident will of France; the most that they can do is either to compel the executive to be conservative if possible, or to substitute a complaint for a contumacious president. An open breach between the president and the dominant party must result in a state of things quite as disastrous as would be a dissolution of the Assembly and a new election; but such a prospect, which would result in depriving the monarchists of power by the return of a republican majority, is the main check which M. Thiers has had upon the Right for the past year. As a fact, the present Assembly is usurping rights and powers which never were confided to it, as it was only elected to conclude a peace with Germany. Yet a new election would be a misfortune at this time, would perhaps throw the country into disorder, and might not impossible precipitate civil war. The real power, after all, resides in the army, a large portion of which has for some time been massed about Paris, and, under the command of so tried a patriot and cool-headed a soldier as MacMahon, the action of the army, in a case of emergency, would be determined by the need of the country at the moment.

— A "thrilling" account of the punishment of a garroter, at Newgate, by the application of the "cat," has created an excited discussion in the London papers, and once more reopened the whole question of corporal castigation. The harrowing details described elicited the indignant remonstrances of Mr. P. A. Taylor, M. P., who wrote a letter condemning the custom in the strongest terms. For some years the application of the cat has been confined to what are regarded as the peculiarly cowardly crimes of garroting and highway robbery; but Mr. Taylor thinks the time has come for dispensing altogether with personal castigation. On the other hand, several of the London papers not only defend the cat, but urge that this mode of punishment should be extended to those who commit assaults upon women and children. It must be confessed that if any offence deserves the cat as being cowardly, it is this; but the whole question is a perplexing one, there being a formidable array of arguments on either side. The tendency of the age is toward a greater leniency in the treatment of criminals; the object of punishment is agreed to be not revenge or retaliation, but protection to society and the reformation of the criminal himself. *Per contra*, it is certain that the prospect of the cat is a very strong deterrent to the would-be garroter; he dreads it, say the English authori-

ties, more than he does transportation, only less than he does the gallows. Perhaps some of the grimly-humorous, old-fashioned German punishments might be substituted for the cat, for ridicule is as much feared by most men as corporeal stripes. In Hesse, a woman who beat her husband was forced to ride on a donkey backward, the donkey being led through the streets by the husband; hen-pecked husbands used to be punished for their weakness by having the roof removed from their houses; scolding wives had a "shameful stone" hung about their necks, the stone being bottle-shaped; and libellers and slanderers in Hamburg were forced to stand on a block and strike themselves on the mouth three times as a token of repentance.

MINOR MATTERS AND THINGS.

— A correspondent, from abroad, writes that Rhoda Broughton, author of "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" and other romances with strange titles, is young, pretty, fascinating, and rather wild. Every reader of her brilliant and audacious novels will be relieved by this description, for the boldness and perverse defiance of convention that characterize her literary performances have led many, even of those who admired their literary freshness, to imagine the author some woman of coarse and masculine attributes. But what a picture the correspondent's description calls up! We can see the wilful beauty tossing her saucy head, and curling her pretty but defiant lip at all the set axioms and starched proprieties of goody people. Her plucky little heart is a trifle wicked, no doubt, and takes a reprehensible zest in the racy perversities of human nature; but the wickedness is obviously all on the surface—it is an open trifling with fire-arms, the dangerous character of which is not understood. It is the nature of fresh and free girlhood to be wilful and passionate, to boldly strike into fields that wiser and more cautious age fears or avoids; and, if a bright young spirit must send into the world its effusions, it is far better they should be the honest expressions of impetuous nature than the studied and often dishonest reflections of other people's views of things. And it cannot be too much enforced that fast and open "coarseness," of which Miss Broughton is accused, is often only evidence of a simple and honest nature, while studied phrases and affected modesty suggest a host of suspicions. Miss Broughton, it is said, wrote "Cometh up as a Flower" when only sixteen years of age. If this is true, her genius is remarkably precocious. She is the daughter of a Devonshire clergyman.

— In speaking of the sufferers by the Boston fire, the *Globe* of that city remarks that few of those who suffered "by the fire are in a position to be helped. They

may require assistance far more than the very poor; they may have lost the means to live as they must live; they may be deprived of necessary income; they may be absolutely unable to make both ends meet; and yet they cannot accept charity in any form; they must keep up appearances; they must practise that close economy which grinds the very life out of a man, and which the necessity of concealment renders more bitter." The truth of these statements every one will concede. The extent of suffering which a calamity like that of the Boston or Chicago fire causes can never be fully measured, and some of the keenest distress it inflicts never comes to the light of day. The great body of the recognized poor have the advantage of living in open poverty. They may, without discredit, receive assistance in time of misfortune, and they have no artificial state to maintain. Although philosophers condemn the spirit which seeks to keep up appearances, yet this desire is as powerfully incumbent upon persons of culture and social antecedents as any principle or sentiment in the world. And people live for their sentiments—not for the necessities of being, but for those things that birth, education, position, and habit, render the essence and soul of life. The Boston sufferers are not of a class who can appeal for public aid, and yet when it is remembered that many a family, always living hitherto in graceful ease and affluence, must take up the hard burden of poverty; that many women and many aged people, happy in the supposed security of their little income, are suddenly impoverished, and are yet absolutely unable to obtain or earn the wherewithal to live—when these facts are recalled, the imagination supplies a picture of the large suffering which never is revealed, and which public charity can never reach.

— It is getting to be the "thing" among the greater storekeepers not to have display-windows. If this aristocratic notion, which originated with Mr. Stewart, is carried out generally, it will deprive our streets of half their cheer, brilliancy, and attractiveness. In the way of shop-windows, Broadway scarcely equals Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where a few recently-erected structures give the promenader superb window-pictures. The new fronts are of white marble, the height of the first story considerably above that of any in our Broadway buildings, and the huge windows are one vast, unbroken sheet of plate-glass, within which are grouped articles of beauty that bewilder and yet delight the eye. It is odd that architects and builders of one city so rarely take a hint from those of another. There are excellent things in every leading city which New York might advantageously borrow, and good things here, we trust, that might be as successfully copied by our neighbors. The Broadway retailer ought to go to Philadelphia and take a lesson in brilliant shop-fronts.

— A Western journal gave, a short time since, a few good hints as to etiquette in street-cars. We reproduce a few of the hints from recollection, but have only our own terms in which to express them, while we venture a few points, in addition, of our own. We hope those who desire to attain excellence in public deportment will study them well:

1. Be sure, in the summer-time, to smoke on the front platform. From this "point of vantage" the smoke of your cigar will circle in graceful wreaths through the open windows into the car, and fill the atmosphere with that aromatic odor which ladies so much delight in.

2. If not smoking on the front platform, don't fail to occupy the rear platform. The fact of obstructing the ingress and egress need not deter you, because it is so pleasant to compel people to squeeze between your manly form and the manly form of somebody else; and this necessity is so specially delightful to ladies travelling in these vehicles.

3. But, if you are a very large man, if your shoulders are broad, and your abdomen excessively protuberant, be sure and stand in the rear door-way. The success of this movement is certain to be complete. Nobody can possibly get out. No one can possibly get in. You may thus leisurely and tranquilly create the maximum of discomfort that lies in your power to inflict.

4. When you want to crowd into a seat, never request those already seated to endeavor to give you room. This would be an aristocratic waste of breath. Silently thrust people aside and take possession. Always act upon the principle that people prefer to be pushed, shoved, crowded, thrust right or left, than to be quietly asked to move.

5. When you are seated, don't fail to cross your legs and thrust your feet out across the passage-way. If you trip up men and embarrass ladies, you only assert that democratic independence which to maintain animates the bosom of every freeman.

These few lessons will suffice the earnest student for the present. We might append a few directions to ladies, but let us attempt to acquire an elegant and well-bred manner for ourselves before seeking to instruct others.

— One of the signs of the times, and a most promising one if the project be carried out, is a proposed reformation in costume by the women of Italy. If we may trust the reports, a determined crusade against foreign fashions is contemplated by some of the most prominent ladies of Rome and of Florence, who have become heartily tired of the tyranny of the Parisian *modiste*, and who believe in the thorough regeneration of Italy, socially as well as politically. It is said that a committee of artists and of ladies are to decide upon the national costume, which is to supersede the French abominations, and that their inspiration is to be derived from the study

of the most graceful of the antique garments pictured by Italy's famous painters. The selection once made, every effort will be tried to secure its universal adoption. Among other means to this end, a monthly magazine will advocate it strenuously, and many ladies, who are authorities in the social world, will give it their countenance, and make it "the fashion." Parisians will smile, of course, at the absurdity of the attempt of any people within the bounds of civilization to throw off the chains so long imposed by them, but we hope that the ladies will persevere in their efforts, and produce a costume which shall become as characteristic of regenerated Italy as the flowing robes of their ancestors were of the "mistress of the world." We heartily wish them success in their patriotic undertaking, and trust that the reformation, if successful, may spread to other lands.

— An American gentleman, residing in Europe, speaks, in a private letter to a friend here, of several bad habits prevailing among his travelling countrymen. First, he calls attention to their ostentatious manner of spending money, known abroad as "the petroleum style;" next, to their justly-acquired reputation for fawning about courts, and counts and other titled gentry. This was shockingly exhibited in Paris, where the toadism of Americans at the Napoleonic court was a source of shame to our more sensible people, who felt disgraced by the conduct of their countrymen. To refer to some minor matters, although they are not so small as they seem, our English cousins complain of the annoyance caused by a certain lack of tact and thoughtfulness on the part of our people, such as failing to reply to a dinner-invitation, or, if they happen to be sufficiently well bred to do so, that they are so careless in understanding the importance of being exact in addressing their note, that the chances are five to one that it fails to reach its destination. Unless the host is informed as to what are known as "American manners," he presumes that the recipients of his invitation have left town for Paris, when lo! they appear on the day named at dinner-time, when no preparations have been made, and perhaps other engagements entered into. Then, too, it is often truly charged against our countrymen that they are careless in the matter of coats, and often appear at dinner and evening parties without being in full dress. All these may appear to be little things, but they are not so considered by English society. The phrase "American manners" arises from the failure to sufficiently appreciate the importance of the habits of good society, which have their *raison d'être*, and a wise man will observe them, or else a lack of that consideration for even the slight convenience of others which made the old definition of a gentleman as "one who is benevolent in small things."

— It is an old saying that an actress, to effectively render the part of Juliet, must have the face of sixteen and the experience

of sixty. Many of the old play-goers confess that even a long experience has not given them one personation of this character to their satisfaction. Those whose recollections extend back to the time when Fanny Kemble appeared in this part have, no doubt, a different story to tell; but, since that period, we can recall no actress who has given the passionate and beautiful Italian such a personation as to awaken enthusiasm, or to identify her name with the character. An English actress, Miss Neilson, has recently come to us with a London reputation won specially by her personation of Juliet, and is now playing at Booth's Theatre. She is young, though scarcely with a face of sixteen, and she is almost beautiful enough to satisfy an exacting ideal. We cannot call her rendition an intellectual one, nor is her art of the highest quality, nor is her taste always faultless, nor has she escaped some bad mannerisms of the stage; and yet she is very charming. She looks and acts better than she reads. With a voice that is full of music, she yet often indulges in a strained, syllabic, stilted declamation that is neither artistic nor natural—if there be any distinction between these two things; but, even while thus offending, some flash of action, some concentration of expression, some outburst of genuine dramatic genius, transfigures her face and form, and for a moment makes her almost great. In the softer scenes she is very charming, womanly, gentle, radiant, giving us a picture of such a woman that might well fire the susceptible heart of Romeo. The balcony-scene was a delicious picture; arch, graceful, passionate, not always exhibiting a knowledge of all the resources of the text, but nevertheless full of beauties.

— Mr. Edwin Forrest has appeared as a reader. Everybody who has been able to dissociate the actor from the reader, has noted the uncommon beauty with which Mr. Forrest delivers many poetical passages, and, no doubt, it has often occurred to his admirers that, as a public reader, he would achieve a success. The test has been made, and, for various reasons, without so happy a result as might justly have been anticipated. Every diverse effort in art requires its own special training and preparation. Mr. Forrest gave, on the occasion of his first appearance, three acts of "Hamlet." The reading of the soliloquies was perhaps perfect. The rich, mellown voice of the veteran was of itself a rare charm, while the varying sentiments, emotions, and meditations, were expressed with adequate and long-trained skill. But it cannot be claimed that any new light was thrown upon the character of Hamlet, or that Mr. Forrest gave us any thing in these passages but some well-studied specimens of elocutionary art. Other portions of the play were greatly slurred, the selections were tediously long, and hence the few striking episodes in the entertainment scarcely compensated for the weariness of the whole. And Mr. For-

rest read, moreover, under every possible disadvantage in his surroundings. The place was that fearfully bald Steinway Hall, where a wilderness of platform swallows up the lone speaker who ventures upon it. The reader sat at a table surmounted by two lamps, which hid his features from two-thirds of his auditors, while his face, by the arrangement of the lights, was in shadow to everybody. If Mr. Forrest would read only the principal scenes of a play, select a smaller room, have the lamps so adjusted that the light would fall upon his figure, he would give us an entertainment that, while eminently instructive, would have those conditions of agreeableness necessary to the full enjoyment of a lecture or public reading.

— The perishable character of even the hardest stone when subjected to intense heat, as illustrated in both the Chicago and Boston fires, has brought brick to the front as a valuable building material. We think this fact is scarcely to be regretted, for, rightly employed, brick may give us beautiful and picturesque structures, and, with stone trimmings, the effect is often exceedingly rich, as any one in New York may verify by observing the noble pile in Twenty-seventh Street, extending from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, known as the Stevens House. The heavy stone trimmings, however, in this case contribute essentially to the beauty of the structure, and the question arises whether an effect so notably picturesque could be secured by brick alone. No building, however good its material, can satisfy the eye without heavy projections. Light, and shadow, and harmoniously broken lines, are indispensable to artistic quality. Can this be obtained without the aid of stone? Our architects must answer, but we imagine it can be done. Or, even if stone were sparingly used, the fire-proof quality of the brick would still preserve the building. Brick is much richer in effect when the lines between are painted in black instead of white. We hope to see some new developments in the use of this material for building.

— Our stubborn cousin across the water, who once saw nothing good in this "blarsted" country, has kindly consented of late to study our geography, and to bestow on us an occasional commendatory note. John will still persist in hunting buffaloes on the prairies of Ohio and grizzly bears in the Alleghanies, but we must not expect him to familiarize himself all at once with our vast domain; nor should we find fault with him if he does misplace now and then a mushroom town that has not yet found its proper position in the atlas. John is honest at heart, and is always ready to acknowledge the good points in his neighbor, when he becomes satisfied that they are good points, and not shams. The past decade of years has opened his eyes to the relative national importance of his kinsmen, and he begins to discover qualities in them that he never rec-

ognized before. He realizes that there is something in them besides "bigness;" that a country that boasts of sixty thousand miles of railway and of twice as many of telegraph, which can feed its own people and the people of Europe combined, and which can muster a million of armed volunteers at short notice to protect its rights, is a country to be respected. But John has lately made a new discovery—that his cousins have built up the "most astounding city of modern times." London is "enormously big, and that is all." Rome is, in many respects, a more wonderful city than London, and Pekin is a "marvellous metropolis;" but, for astonishing qualities, the palm must be awarded to New York. New York, says the London *Telegraph*, has become thoroughly cosmopolitan, and may vie with Dublin or Cork, or with Hamburg or Berlin, in the numerical strength of its Irish and German denizens. "Yet its vast population is, perhaps, the least wonderful thing about the city. The really surprising feature of New York is its imperial character. It is not the capital of the Union; it is not even the manufacturing centre of the republic. It is the seat of no legislative body. It can scarcely boast of one splendid public building; yet for wealth and magnificence, for luxury and splendor, for elegance and refinement, it may rank as always equal, and in many respects as superior, to the most ancient and the most famous capitals of Europe."

Scientific Notes.

THE American *Chemist* for October publishes from the *Journal of the Society of Arts* a lecture by Dr. Grace Calvert on "Dyes and Dye-stuffs," which, in addition to the value of information contained in the text, has its interest greatly enhanced by the introduction of a novel and remarkably attractive series of illustrations. The subject of this, the first lecture of a course, relates to madder as a red coloring substance. After a brief general and historic review, the writer enters into details, giving the methods by which different coloring substances are obtained from madder and applied to fabrics. Alizarine, purpurine, safranine, and various madder extracts, are fully described, and in each case the description is supplemented by a peculiarly attractive and practical illustration. It is these illustrations which will deservedly attract the attention of the reader. They consist in each instance, not of colored plates printed to resemble the dyed fabric, but portions of the fabric itself are pasted on to the page in the same manner as would be a photographic illustration. In this manner the reader is enabled to judge not only regarding the color of the dye, but also its stability and practical value, as these samples may be removed and submitted to the familiar test of washing, bleaching, etc. As these samples were obtained from the superintendent of one of our largest print-works—the Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.—they represent actual fabrics as there produced. The readers of the *American Chemist* may be congratulated on having placed before them, in so attractive a manner, information of so great interest and practical value.

From the Signal-Office, at Washington, comes the announcement that the officers in charge of this most valued department of the civil service have recently made a highly-important meteorological discovery, and one that can hardly be over-estimated in its interest to science, and service to agriculture and commerce. By a careful comparison of the reports, as received from the signal-stations located on or near the Pacific coast, it appears that, on the 13th of November, an *atmospheric wave*, similar to that which makes its annual appearance on the coast of England and Western Europe, began to break over the shores of Oregon and British Columbia. By the evening of the 13th it had spread over nearly all the Pacific States and Territories, and at midnight was passing through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, descending, in turn, upon Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian Territory. On Friday, the 15th, its eastern limit marked a course from Washington Territory on the north to the Lower Mississippi Valley on the south. Should this wave of air, which in the date and method of its approach so closely resembles the English one, continue, like that, in a series of successive undulations for several months, its presence will serve to account for our American winter storms, showing that they have their origin in the Rocky Mountains, where the moist air from the coast encounters and is condensed by the cold, dry atmosphere of the mountain-summits, the result being those overwhelming snow-storms that are the dread of the pioneer and Western traveller.

The Swedish exploring expedition which returned from the North during the last year brought home from Greenland a number of meteorites of remarkable size. They are described as being the chief masses of an enormous meteoric fall, which probably occurred during the Miocene period, and extended over an area of two hundred English miles, embracing, not only that region occupied by the Greenland basalt, but a country composed of granite and gneiss. Within an area of five hundred and forty square feet, in the neighborhood of Ovifak, were found sixteen meteorites, ranging in weight from six to fifty thousand Swedish pounds. The three largest have the following diameters respectively: 6.4 by 5.4 inches, 4.1 by 3.8 inches, and 3.9 by 2.7 inches. In addition to the meteorites proper, which in the aggregate weighed over eight thousand Swedish pounds, nearly one hundred pounds of lenticular-shaped fragments of iron, from three to four inches in thickness, were taken from the basaltic dike near by. All of these masses contain nickel and carbon in combination with iron, the main constituent.

The French scientist, M. Caroms, having lately conducted a series of experimental tests to determine the effects of cold or frost upon iron and steel bars and rails, expresses the opinion that good iron, properly formed, is not affected by cold, but that iron of bad form or faulty nature is affected by it, and rendered perceptibly more brittle. In answer to the fact that even the best of rails do break oftener in cold weather—a fact too clearly demonstrated to admit of a question—M. Caroms suggests a cause that commends itself to our common-sense. "Most railroads," he states, "are far more elastic in summer than in winter, owing to the increased hardness of the ground and ties in winter. If a rail is raised above the grade-lines by a tie which has been elevated by the action of the weather upon the roadbed, and a locomotive strikes it with a blow of

twenty-five tons at a point where it must find a bearing, the natural effect of the blow would be to break the rail, whether there be frost in it or not; so it is evident that the great rigidity given to roads in cold weather is a better reason for breaks than mere frost."

M. Kletzinsky, a Viennese professor, in the course of certain investigations relating to the spread of contagious diseases, made the following ingenious experiment, the simplicity of which is only equalled by the important nature of the results obtained: Noticing that persons sick with the small-pox were often visited by flies, he placed, near an open window of the hospital, a saucer filled with glycerine. Attracted by this sweet substance, the flies gathered about it and were caught like birds with glue. In their endeavors to free themselves, all the foreign matter which had adhered to them was left in the glycerine, which was at once carefully examined under the microscope. Here it was discovered that the glycerine, which, when placed in the saucer was chemically pure, was now full of strange cells, very similar to those seen on persons attacked with small-pox, but never found upon the fly. This discovery would seem to prove conclusively that flies are not only filthy in their nature and tastes, but can be a very dangerous means of spreading contagious disease.

Messrs. Macpherson, Willard & Co., of Bordentown, N. J., have recently completed a series of practical tests conducted with a view of determining the relative tensile strength of steel and wrought-iron beams and shafting. The results of these investigations seem to justify the conclusion that for heavy work wrought-iron compares favorably and even excels steel in strength and toughness. Thirty-two iron shafts, about forty feet long, and weighing two tons each, were tested with a strain of three hundred tons without stretching a hair's-breadth. When several steel shafts were submitted to a like test, they snapped under even less strains than those which the iron stood perfectly. These results seem also to accord with a more practical test made two years ago on the Camden and Amboy Railroad boat Red Jacket. As this vessel has two screws, an iron shaft was fitted to one, and one of steel to the other, both being of equal size and submitted to the same force; the steel shaft, however, twisted off in a week, while the iron one, with a companion, has been running ever since.

From a paper on the occurrence of native sulphuric acid in Eastern Texas, by J. U. Mallet, Ph. D., we learn that, not far from the Gulf of Mexico, and within twenty-five or thirty miles to the westward of the Neches River, there exist numerous small drainage-wells and shallow pools of water, strongly sour to the taste, this sourness being due to the presence of free sulphuric acid, which is accompanied by various salts, especially aluminum and iron sulphates. At most of these points gases are continually escaping, mainly hydrogen, sulphide, and marsh gas, the bubbles burning readily on the application of light. At the bottom of one of these ponds, known as Sour Lake, an earthy crust had been formed, in which free sulphur was observable. A thick, tarry variety of petroleum is also found oozing from the surrounding soil. The writer regards the occurrence together, in this region, of combustible gases, petroleum, sulphur, sulphuric acid, and gypsum, as of great interest in its relation to the mineral history of native sulphur.

Referring to the manufacture of submarine telegraph-cables, the *San Francisco Bulletin*

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states that the Electrical Construction Company have completed the first section of submarine cable constructed on the coast. It is intended for the Government of British Columbia, to be laid across Rosario Straits, connecting Victoria with the main-land. The cable is thirty-five thousand feet in length, and weighs about thirty thousand pounds. The conductor is composed of seven No. 20 copper wires of ninety-seven per cent. fineness. The dielectric consists of two coats of pure gutta-percha, .92 of an inch in diameter, with intermediate coatings of Chatterton's compound. The gutta-percha coil is served with two coats of machine-banding, well tarred, and covered with a protecting armor of No. 9 galvanized iron wire, laid on spirally.

The process by which the chemist is enabled to burn the diamond consists in introducing the stone, already heated to incandescence, into an atmosphere of oxygen. To effect this, the operator, holding the gem in a loop of platinum wire, projects against it the powerful flame of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. By this means the stone is brought to a white heat, in which state it is quickly transferred to a jar containing oxygen. Active combustion at once begins, continuing until the last atom of carbon contained in the diamond is changed into carbonic acid, by its union with two atoms of oxygen. It is by measuring the amount of carbonic acid thus evolved, that the true character of the diamond is determined, and its chemical identity to charcoal, graphite, and plumbago, established.

Closely following the announcement that Queen Victoria had graciously acknowledged the services of Mr. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingston, comes the news that Sir Henry Rawlinson, president of the Royal Geographical Society, has declared in his opening lecture before that distinguished body, that the journey of Mr. Stanley into the interior of Africa was a most important event, and that for the successful accomplishment of this great undertaking he deserves a medal from the Royal Society. So at last the reward has come, and we only trust that the "plucky American" will receive due modesty and appreciation this rather tardy recognition of his claims and services.

A microscopic examination of the blood of persons afflicted with the measles and scarlet fever disclosed the presence of minute cell-like spores or fungi. The perspiration collected from these patients was also found to contain these peculiar and characteristic micrococci in abundance. Dr. Hallier, by whom these observations were made, expresses the opinion that these fungi are not only the concomitants, but the true cause of these diseases.

The centenary of Linnaeus's death will be celebrated at Stockholm on the 10th of January, 1873, when a statue of the Swedish naturalist will be unveiled.

Home and Foreign Notes.

THE *Gazette Musicale*, of Paris, observes that few modern dramatic writers have afforded more matter for operatic librettos than Victor Hugo. "Angelo" was made the subject of an opera by Mercadante; Matteo Salvini wrote an opera on "Les Burgraves"; Verdi took his "Rigoletto" from "Le Roi s'amuse," and "Ernani" from the drama of the same name; and the "Lucrezia Borgia" of Donizetti is founded on "Lucrèce"; "Marie Tudor" was chosen by two composers, Pacini and a Russian, Kachperoff; two operas have also been composed on "Marion de Lorme"; "Ruy Blas" has

been adopted by five composers—Glover, Chiaramonte, Benassoni, Marchetti, and Prince Poniatowski; "La Esmeralda" seems to have been the greatest favorite, as it has been adopted by no less than eight composers, the latest Campana. Victor Hugo has, without doubt, inspired more minds than any other man of this century, despite the sneers of those who see in his works only a tissue of exaggeration and improbability.

Few things are more curious than the success of authors in Germany. Schiller died so poor that his friends had to make a collection to pay his funeral expenses. Goethe left a large fortune. Humboldt, who had always moved in the most aristocratic circles of society, left very little money. Lessing's fortune, after his death, amounted to less than one hundred dollars; Wieland left what was considered at that time considerable money—that is to say, about five thousand dollars; while Jean Paul died as poor as a churchmouse, and Herder bequeathed to each of his daughters the sum of three hundred dollars. But now comes another tale: Carl Gutzkow received, until 1870, for his "Knights of the Mind," upward of eighteen thousand dollars; Henry Laube is worth over one hundred thousand dollars; Louisa Mühlbach has thus far received on her copyrights upward of seventy thousand dollars, and she refuses to write a new novel for less than two or three thousand dollars; Berthold Auerbach and Fritz Reuter live comfortably on the interest of their money; and Spielhagen has an income of five thousand a year.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in an address at the reception of Mr. Froude by the Massachusetts Historical Society, quoted a passage from "the Boston lecture," delivered by Cotton Mather in 1668, which is of special interest at the present moment. After describing the rapid growth of the town in despite of its frequent sufferings from famine and smallpox, Mather goes on as follows: "Never was any town under the cope of heaven more liable to be laid in ashes, either through the carelessness or the wickedness of them that sleep in it. That such a combustible heap of contiguous houses yet stands, it may be called a standing miracle. It is not because the watchman keeps the city; perhaps there may be too much cause of reflection in that thing, and of inspection, too. No, it is from thy watchful protection, O thou keeper of Boston, who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Ten times," he continues, "has the fire made notable ruins among us; and our good servant been almost our master; but the ruins have mostly and quickly been rebuilt."

Since the city of Rome became a seat of government, it has, like Berlin, greatly increased in population, and the demand for houses necessitates the formation of entire new streets. In the excavations and levellings now being made for these new improvements, the most interesting discoveries have been made. Not a sewer is dug nor foundation laid without the workman's pick coming upon rare objects of art or the *débris* of monuments; among these are mosaic pavements, tombs, marble and bronze statues, inscriptions, pillars, bass-reliefs, etc., the remains of ancient monuments, known and unknown, and an abundance of tools, medals, jewels, and other small articles. A better field could scarcely present itself just now to the study of the archaeologist and antiquarian, for the history of old Rome is written in her soil, and every step upon it reminds the traveller of Byron's fervid exclamation: "Stop I for you tread upon an empire's dust!"

Tobacco has many things to answer for in this world. When left around loose it makes inquisitive children sick; when it is burnt the smoke smells badly and taints the clothes and the curtains. And now the *Courant*, of Edinburgh, Scotland, records an additional evil of its use. Two young women were out walking one evening recently, arrayed in those gossamer garments so dear to a woman's heart. By chance they met a young man who was smoking a cigar, from which a spark of fire was wafted upon the summer wind to the fluttering robe, the breeze fanned it to a flame, and, before the fire was extinguished, the young woman was severely burned. As a climax to this, an English journal reports that

recently in Canterbury a woman's dress caught fire from the ignited remnant of a cigar—technically known as a "stub"—and, before help arrived, she was burned so severely that it was feared she would die.

The estimated wealth of the most eminent writers of modern France, all of whom started in life almost without a farthing, is as follows: Victor Hugo, six hundred thousand francs; George Sand, nearly twice as much; Emile de Girardin, three and a half million francs; François Guizot, half a million francs; Adolphe Thiers, one million francs; Alexandre Dumas, fils, four hundred thousand francs; Edmond About, two hundred and fifty thousand francs; Alphonse Karr, one hundred thousand francs; Jules Janin, three-quarters of a million; Edouard Laboulaye, one hundred thousand; Victorine Sardou, half a million francs; Théophile Gautier died a millionaire, and the widows of Scribe and Ponsard live in affluence. But the widow of the celebrated Proudhon has to eke out a precarious living as a washer-woman. As a whole, this exhibit of the success of French authors cannot be considered otherwise than creditable.

A photographer in Berlin has been sent to the penitentiary for an ingenious fraud which he has practised on the aristocracy of that city for several months past. He pretended he could make photographs of gentlemen so life-like that their dogs would be able to recognize them. When these photographs were held up before the dogs of the owners, the dogs would wag their tails, and lick the pictures. The other photographers of Berlin, who were unable to perform any thing similar, watched their colleague, and finally discovered his secret. It was a very simple proceeding. All he did was to cover the photographs of the gentlemen with a thin layer of lard, which the dogs, of course, smelled, and then licked off.

Chicago is to have an immense Crystal Palace, in which an exposition is to be held during the rebuilding jubilee in October, 1873. The size of the building, according to the plans which have been submitted, will be six hundred feet long by one hundred feet broad, with a central transept two hundred and fifty feet long. The height will be eighty feet, with a dome over the principal entrance over one hundred feet high. A floral garden will surround the building, and a portion of the interior will also be decorated with fountains, and fitted as a winter garden.

It is announced that Bessemer's plans for saving the travelling public from sea-sickness are finally matured. Two vessels are to be built to cross the English channel furnished with saloons and promenade-decks which will be kept steady by hydraulic apparatus even while the rest of the vessel is tossing at the mercy of the waves. Bessemer affirms that, in the roughest weather, the motion will not be greater than is felt in an ordinary railway-carriage.

The Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres, of Caen, has offered a prize of four thousand francs for a paper on "The Part played by Leaves in Vegetation." *Nature* says what is wanted is an account of experiments and new facts calculated to clear up, invalidate, confirm, or modify, doubtful points in the received theories. Papers must be sent in before December 31, 1873, addressed to M. Travers, secretary of the Academy of Caen.

Three hundred and seventy-seven periodicals, including memoirs and proceedings of learned societies, are published in Russia. Of these two hundred and eighty-six are in Russian, forty-one in Polish, thirty in German, six in French, four in Lettish, five in Esthonian, two in Finnish, and three in Hebrew.

Mr. Bergh will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that the Anti-cruelty Society of Paris is vigorously protesting against the treatment to which "learned" dogs are subjected. Their accomplishments, more especially that of domino-playing, are, it is asserted, only attained after shamefully severe treatment. We can well believe it.

One of the men engaged in the Census Corps in Paris last year (1871), collected himself, and received from his employers, such in-

formation as enabled him to form a synoptical table of the maimed, blind, etc., in the French capital, from which it appears that there are 1,450 hunchbacks, 1,100 persons with but one arm, 1,200 with but one leg, 150 *culs-de-jatte*, 50 without noses, and 4,800 blind. Total, 8,750, or $\frac{1}{10}$ of the population of Paris.

When Prince Napoleon was recently told, by a French policeman, that he must forthwith leave the territory of the republic, he said to the man: "What, sir! you wear the cross of the Legion of Honor, and you can convey such a message to a Napoleon?" "Monsieur," replied the officer, with cutting politeness, "I received that cross for good conduct at Sedan!" Prince Napoleon had nothing further to say.

The managers of the Pharmaceutical Society of London have opened their courses of instruction in chemistry and botany to women, having rescinded the resolution passed ten years ago prohibiting the attendance of ladies at the classes. The course is the most complete of the kind in London, and women will now have an opportunity to prepare themselves thoroughly for drug-clerks.

General Berg, the former military Governor of Poland, where he ruled with an iron hand, was assaulted in Berlin the other day by a young Pole, whose mother he had caused to be flogged and sent to Siberia. The general defended himself bravely, but his assailant was too strong for him, and he was finally left lying senseless on the pavement. The police of Berlin tried to arrest the young Pole, but were unable to find him.

The letters, papers, and manuscripts, of Prescott, the historian, were completely destroyed by the Boston fire. During the absence in Europe of the members of the family, into whose possession they had come, these valuables were stored "for safety" in one of the fine warehouses consumed by the tremendous conflagration.

"Travellers," says Xavier Marmier, "frequently talk about the liberality of European princesses; but see what I have witnessed myself. The Queen of Denmark refuses to give any charities to those who do not belong to her church. The Empress of Russia would do any thing rather than give a cent to a needy Catholic. The Empress of Austria equally abhors Protestants. It is only the Empress of Germany, and the Queens of Holland and Belgium, that act otherwise."

When the remains of Henry Heine, the illustrious German poet, were to be removed from the Parisian *Fire-la-Chaise* to Hamburg, it was found that his skull had been taken from the coffin. The perpetrators of this outrage have hitherto not been discovered. Heine's relatives have offered a large reward for their detection.

Davis and Saunders, the two Americans who robbed several of the imperial museums at St. Petersburg, and who were sentenced to

ten years' imprisonment in the Ural Mines, made a desperate attempt to escape, but were unsuccessful, and were, in consequence, branded and terribly flogged.

The saloon-waiters in Rome have organized a society for intellectual improvement, and have invited Giuseppe Garibaldi to become their president. Garibaldi has accepted, and individual persons may say now that Garibaldi is a "head-waiter."

The Crown-Prince of Sweden is a very sickly boy, and the general belief in Stockholm is that, at the death of the present King of Sweden, Scandinavia will be united again under the sceptre of Frederick, now Crown-prince of Denmark.

"Your Field-marshall Moltke," said an enthusiastic Englishman, recently, to a Prussian democrat, "is very much like our Duke of Wellington." "Certainly," was the answer, "he is just as stubborn a reactionist as the iron duke was."

A young lady of Philadelphia has invented an improvement in sewing-machines, which will adapt them to the manufacture of sails and other heavy goods, something heretofore impossible.

Froude says that the ablest of living naturalists is looking gravely to the courtship of moths and butterflies, to solve the problem of the origin of man, and prove his descent from an African baboon.

The Prince of Wales has succeeded in shooting a bull at seventy yards, and the English papers indulge in enthusiastic admiration, for so princely an act, to the extent of about the same number of yards of fine writing.

The London *Times* thinks it would be a great relief to certain devotees if, besides grand musical services in the cathedrals, there were others more suited to the sober and quiet ways of studious men.

A fire occurred in a house in Connecticut, recently, caused by a tin pan acting as a concave mirror, which focused the sun's rays on some loose combustible material, and started it into a blaze.

Alexandre Dumas says that it is a sign of true greatness for an author if his books cannot be translated into a foreign language. If that be true, his father, the celebrated novelist, cannot have been a great author.

A journalist in Padua has been severely fined for saying that he never saw a more repulsive-looking man than King Victor Emmanuel.

Amelia B. Edwards, in a recent novel, talks of her hero "going backwards and forwards between the court-yard and vineyard like an overseer in a Massachusetts cotton-field!"

President Thiers says that, since his old library has been so ruthlessly destroyed, he

has hardly the heart to open a volume of his favorite authors.

The Hon. Henry Loftus is about to commence proceedings against certain American newspapers, which printed alleged disclosures about his domestic troubles.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, it is said, is cogitating seriously whether or not it would be best for him to abdicate his crown in favor of his brother Henry.

In Pesth, the other day, a youth of sixteen recited at an exhibition the Lord's Prayer in twenty-two languages.

There are now in Brussels two hundred German Jesuits, and the Liberals are agitating for their forcible expulsion.

Prince Gortschakoff is rheumatic, but experiences much relief from putting his aching limbs in very hot water.

A fellow named Charles Latour has been arrested in Westphalia on a charge of having murdered his two grandfathers.

Edmond About announces a new novel, entitled "Le Martyr." Is M. About himself the "martyr?"

FURS.—Ladies at this season naturally inquire as to changes in fashions of fur. The most elegant and costly fur is now the Russian crown sable, which is very rich in color, the darker, colored having the preference, and brings all the way from five hundred to one thousand dollars a set. The Hudson Bay sable is another beautiful variety, falling very little in price below the Russian. Seal-skin continues in fashionable favor; a full set, including sacque, can be purchased for eighty dollars, but the very best quality reach as high as three hundred. The Alaska, or black marten, is also much worn. The darker shades of mink are greatly liked, sets of muffs and boa varying from twenty to one hundred dollars. Fox furs are gaining a leading position, the silver variety being the most costly, but silver, blue, black, gray, and white, each has its admirers. But of furs there is almost no end, and hence for further particulars we refer to Messrs. Gunther & Son, whose splendid ware-rooms in Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas, contain innumerable beautiful specimens. We must add a word in regard to style. The sacque is cut rather loose, and yet is fashioned to show the figure, opened on the sides and at the back, sleeves free and easy, but not ample in fulness; quite long, and rather wider than the style of last winter. The muff is adorned with silk bows, and on the sides with fringe.

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